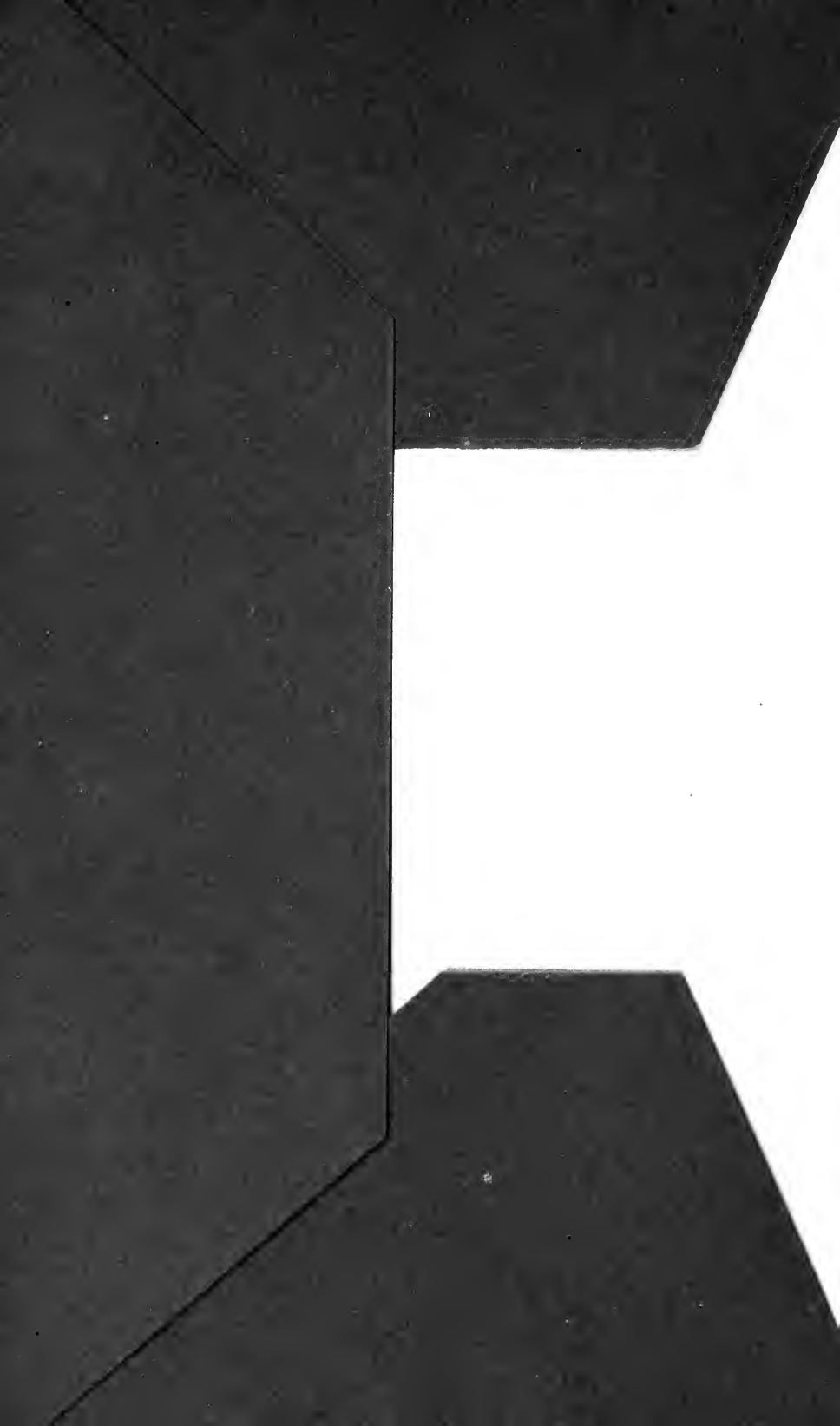
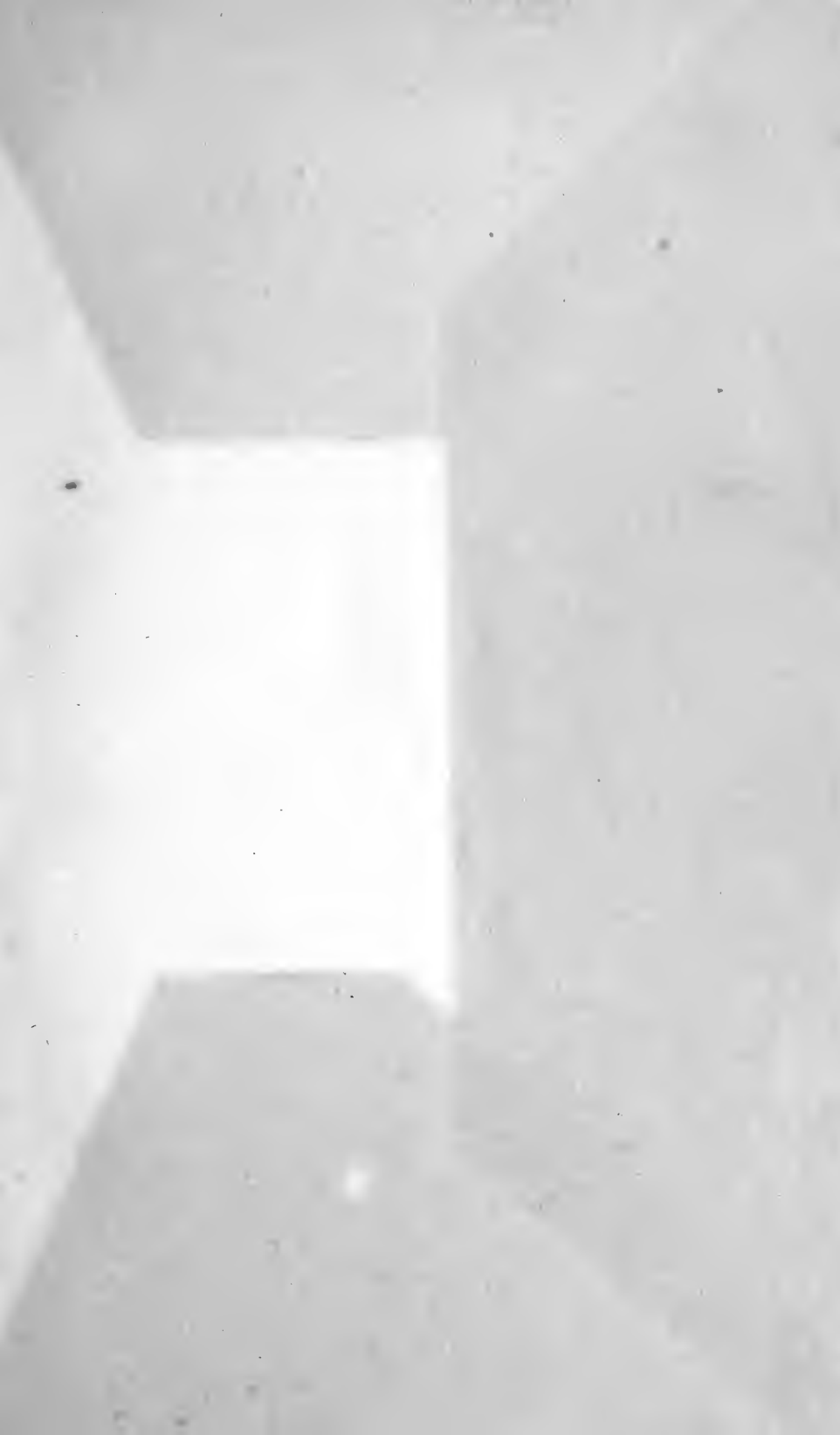


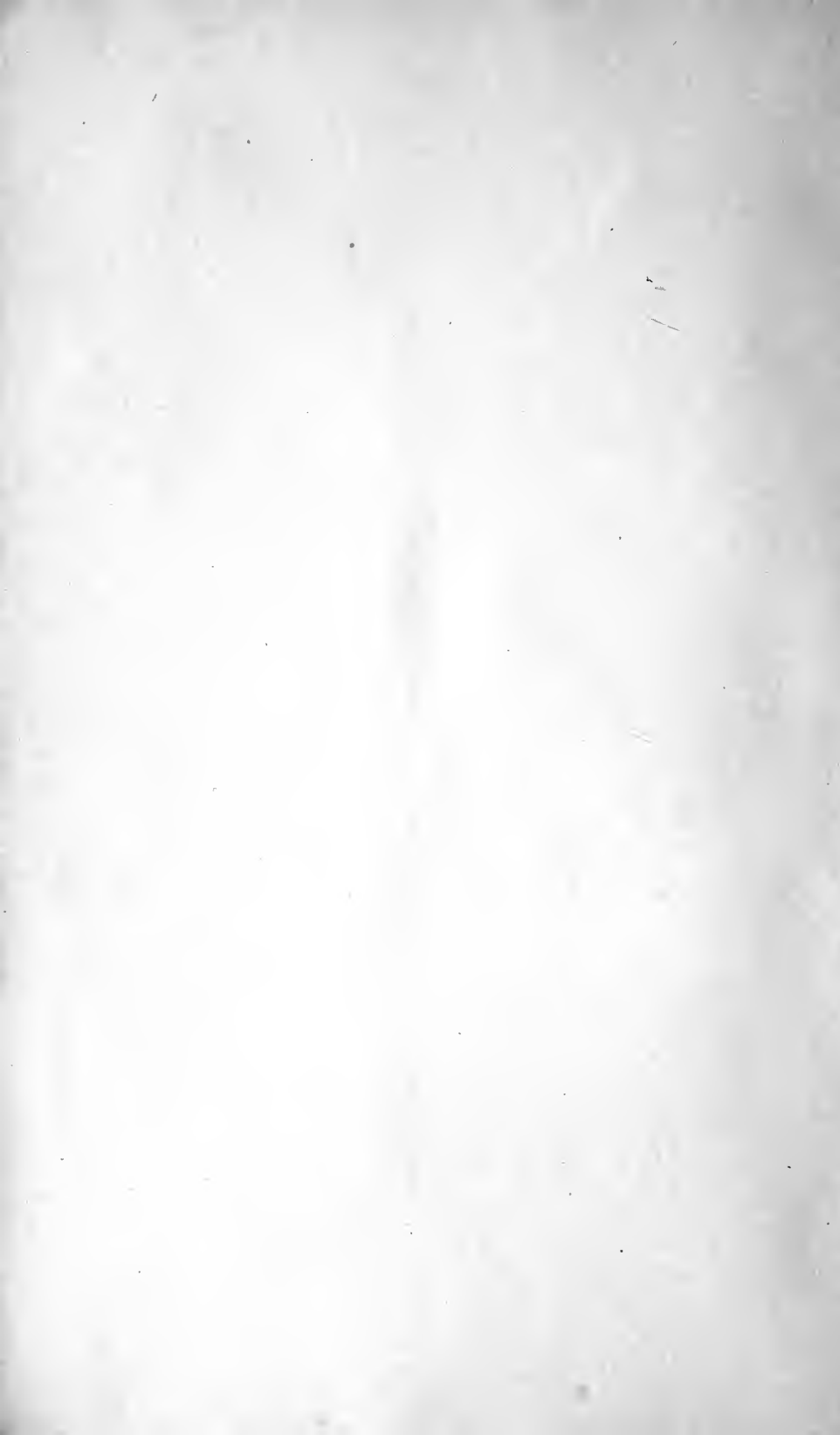
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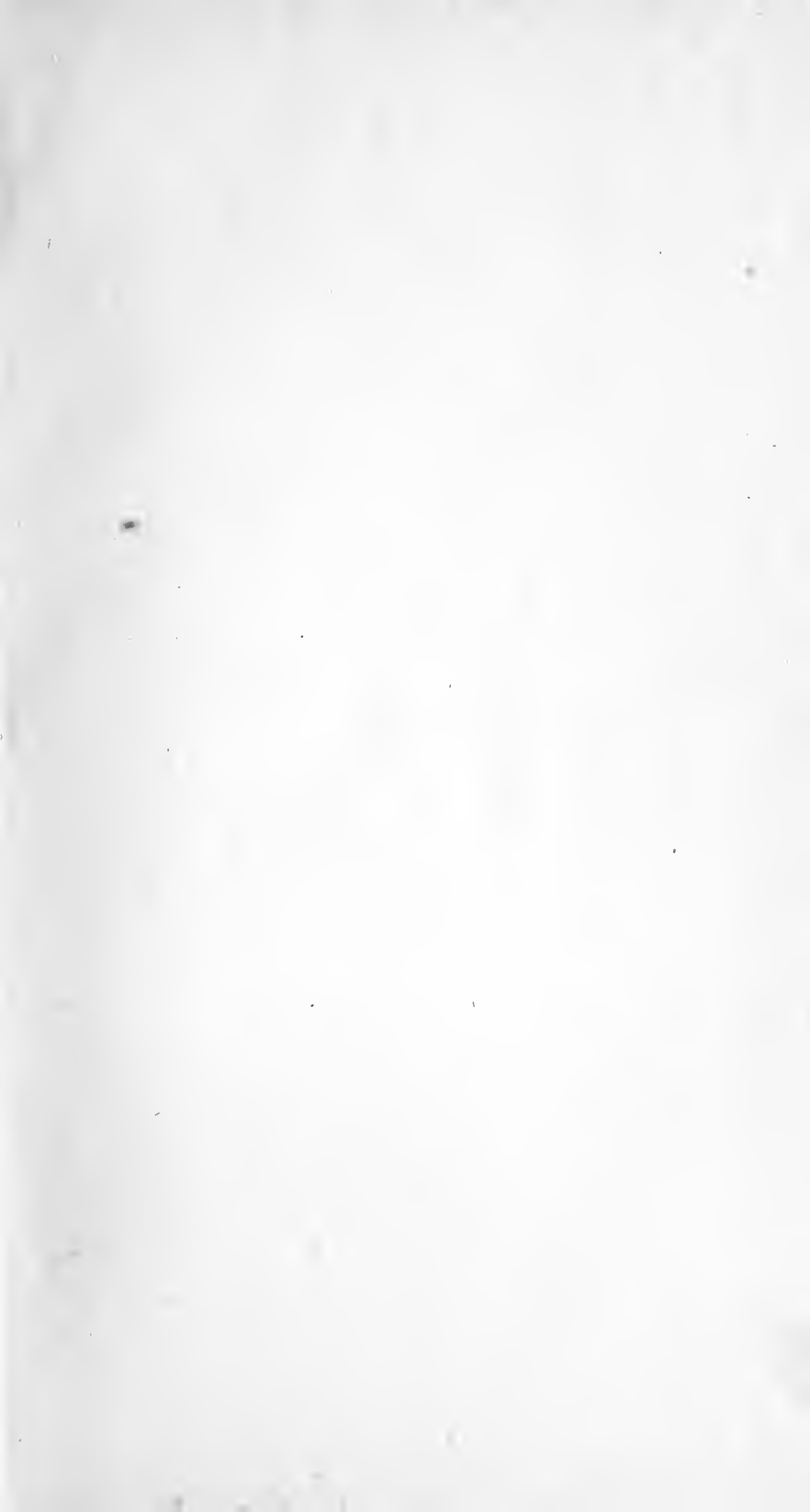
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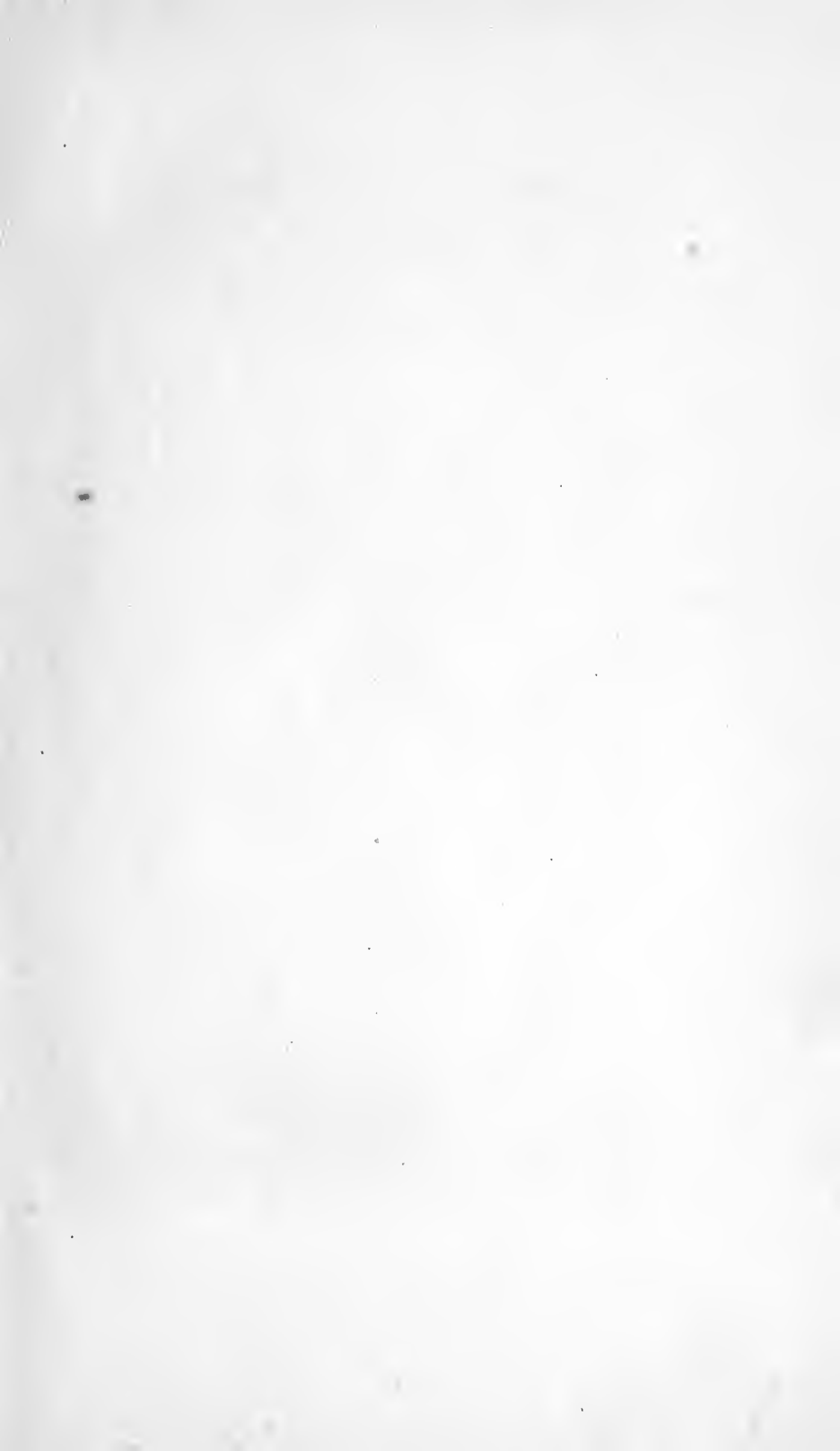








The RICHARD MANSFIELD
Acting Version of
KING HENRY V





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THE RICHARD MANSFIELD
ACTING VERSION OF
KING HENRY V

A History in Five Acts

by

W^m Shakespeare

*Which version was for the first time
presented by MR RICH^d MANSFIELD
& his Company of Players
on the STAGE of the*

GARDEN THEATRE

October 3rd

M C M



NEW YORK:

MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO

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An INTRODUCTION
By MR MANSFIELD



ENRY V. can hardly be termed a play—it is rather an Epic—or a chronicle, in a series of stirring scenes, of the invasion of France by the King of England and the wooing and betrothal of the Princess Katherine. As the latter episode only occupies a portion of the last act, the work may be said to be lacking in what is technically termed

“love interest.” But, on the other hand, the inducements that led me to produce *Henry V.* were a consideration of its healthy and virile tone (so diametrically in contrast to many of the performances now current); the nobility of its language, the breadth and power of which is not equalled by any living poet; the lesson it teaches of Godliness, honour, loyalty, courage, cheerfulness and perseverance; its beneficial influence upon young and old; the opportunity it affords for a pictorial representation of the costumes and armour, manners and customs, of that interesting period, and perhaps a desire to prove that the American stage is, even under difficulties, quite able to

An INTRODUCTION *by* RICHARD MANSFIELD

hold its own artistically with the European. The ambition of my stage career has been to prove the superiority of the American stage and the American actor, and I maintain that to-day against all those who pretend the contrary. But perhaps I was influenced beyond any other reason by the desire to drag Henry V. out of a slough of false impressions that had materially affected his impersonation upon the stage. This rôle had for a long time been considered as requiring on the part of the actor nothing more than a healthy pair of lungs. Henry was not supposed to make any claims upon the intelligence or the heart of the artist. He (as an acting part) was supposed to be devoid of sentiment, finesse, variety and feeling. Let us see how far this is the case. The student who approaches the character of Henry with a view to impersonation, will consider him, in looking with my eyes, somewhat in this fashion: in the first act, in order not to disconnect the chain that still binds him to the Prince Hal of the preceding play, we must find him youthful, debonaïr, gracious and yet with a new-born kingliness and tact and state-craft, which even after the utterances of the archbishop, surprise and interest. In the subsequent scene, on the quay at Southampton, in the unmasking of the three traitors, Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, and especially in his address to his former bosom friend, Scroop, we at once strike a note of profound melancholy and pathos: "Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels." Henry in his roystering days had come upon deceit and villainy and venality, but this was where he might naturally expect it;—here, for the first time, and in the very beginning of his reign, he stumbles upon treachery so hideous and lying so near to his heart, as may well have shaken his very soul. This awakening, his horror and his grief, cannot be expressed by mere noise. We next find him exhorting his soldiers in clarion tones, or depicting to the city-fathers of Harfleur in lurid

An INTRODUCTION *by* RICHARD MANSFIELD

colors (*worthy of an actor, a poet and a painter*) the horrors that would attend the pillage of their city.

You will note that Henry is commencing to exhibit the many sides of a very versatile character. In the first act he was not at all what he was in the second, and now in the third we have him again in two different rôles: first as the brilliant captain and magnetic leader of men, and then as a very wily and eloquent pleader, for he infuses such terror into the minds of the citizens that they are moved to surrender the town then and there, instead of protracting the siege—a course which might have been fatal to Henry. Indeed throughout this work we find Henry constantly swaying men by his reasoning and his powers of eloquence. He very rarely throws aside the mantle of the King and the manner of the good fellow and comrade, until the opportunity occurs in the fourth act. Here at last—alone at night by the camp-fire—he and his bosom debate awhile, and he is led to speak of the emptiness of royalty and ceremony. This speech, which ranks with the finest of Shakespeare's, is one which to-day is almost beyond the comprehension of the average man. Indeed it is interesting to observe that it is not much applauded for the reason that it is spoken entirely from the point of view of a king—and kings happen to be in a minority as the world is constituted to-day. In this soliloquy Henry refers to the fact that kings do not sleep as well as the wretched slave (*the working-man*) “who with a body fill'd and vacant mind gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread”—and furthermore says—that “such a wretch, winding up days with toil and nights with sleep, had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.” As ninety-nine out of a hundred men sweat in the eye of Phæbus all day and wind up days of toil with nights of sleep, we cannot expect much sympathy from them for the lamentations of Henry. And we must remember that when Shakespeare wrote, affairs were man-

An INTRODUCTION *by* RICHARD MANSFIELD

aged very differently. Merchants were not princes then. Nobility and blood were everything. And a Gentleman made his fortune in the battle-field and by the grace of his sovereign. Again, the student, unless he is very careful in his interpretation, will run upon a rock in Henry's very beautiful prayer, "O God of Battles," etc. My favourite stage motto is: "Il faut excuser l'auteur"—by this I mean that, no matter how great the author, the actor must often disguise him and in a manner excuse him to his audience. If we come to consider this prayer of Henry's calmly, we find him reminding God of what he, Henry, has done to deserve His favour and promising to do something more if God will favour him upon that day. He tells God that he has five hundred poor in yearly pay and that he has built two chantries and he will do still more if God will help him to thrash the French. This was all then the custom of those times. It was child-like faith and simplicity. But the actor's fervour, intensity, and simple treatment of this prayer must go largely towards helping out the author to-day. The most popular speech with the audience is the "St. Crispin," because it is easily understood by everybody. There are no pitfalls here. It needs only a breezy, wholesome, and whole-hearted delivery. In the last act I recommend an earnest, manly wooing of Princess Katherine, as I recommend to everybody an earnest, manly wooing of anybody that anybody wants to woo. If the actor has a slight appreciation of humour, "tant mieux."

RICHARD MANSFIELD.



K I N G H E N R Y V



A LIST of the PERSONS of the PLAY

*Together with the names of the Ladies and
Gentlemen who impersonate them
in the present production of
KING HENRY V.*

KING HENRY V.....	Mr	Richard Mansfield
<i>The DUKE of GLOSTER, brother of HENRY V..</i>	Mr	Ernest Warde
<i>The DUKE of BEDFORD, brother of HENRY V..</i>	Mr	Malcolm Duncan
<i>The DUKE of CLARENCE, brother of HENRY V..</i>	Mr	B. W. Winter
<i>The DUKE of EXETER, uncle of HENRY V.....</i>	Mr	John Malone
<i>The DUKE of YORK, cousin of HENRY V.....</i>	Mr	Arthur Stanford
<i>The EARL of WESTMORELAND.....</i>	Mr	C. C. Quimby
<i>The EARL of SUFFOLK.....</i>	Mr	E. H. Sheilds
<i>The EARL of WARWICK.....</i>	Mr	William Sorelle
<i>The EARL of SALISBURY.....</i>	Mr	G. H. Davis
<i>The EARL of MARCH.....</i>	Mr	J. H. Lee
<i>The EARL of CAMBRIDGE..</i>	} conspirators against HENRY V	{ .. Mr C. H. Geldart Mr Woodward Barrett Mr F. C. Butler
LORD SCROOP of MASHAM.		
Sir THOMAS GREY.....		
ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.....		
BISHOP of ELY.....	Mr	Salesbury Cash
LORD FANHOPE.....	Mr	J. F. Hussey
Sir JOHN BLOUNT.....	Mr	W. J. Green
Sir JOHN ASHETON.....	Mr	M. Hutchinson
Sir JOHN MOWBRAY.....	Mr	William Robbins
STANLEY.....	Mr	W. E. Peters
Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM.	} officers in HENRY V.'s army	{ Mr James L. Carhart Mr J. Palmer Collins Mr A. G. Andrews Mr Chas. J. Edmonds Mr Augustine Duncan
GOWER.....		
FLUELLEN.....		
MACMORRIS.....		
JAMEY.....		
WILLIAMS, soldier in HENRY V.'s army.....	Mr	Joseph Whiting
BATES, soldier in HENRY V.'s army.....	Mr	J. A. Wilkes
PISTOL.....	} soldiers in HENRY V.'s army, formerly servants to Falstaff	{ .. Mr W. N. Griffith .. Mr Wallace Jackson .. Mr B. W. Turner
NYM.....		
BARDOLPH ...		
BOY, servant to above.....		
ENGLISH HERALD.....	Mr	P. J. Rollow
CHARLES the SIXTH, King of France.....	Mr	Sheridan Block
LEWIS, the Dauphin of France.....	Mr	A. Berthelet

A LIST of the PERSONS of the PLAY

<i>The DUKE of BURGUNDY</i>	Mr Mervyn Dallas
<i>The DUKE of ORLEANS</i>	Mr Richard Sterling
<i>The DUKE of BOURBON</i>	Mr Clement Toole
<i>The CONSTABLE of FRANCE</i>	Mr Prince Lloyd
<i>The DUKE of ALENÇON</i>	Mr P. W. Thompson
LORD RAMBURES	Mr E. H. Vincent
LORD GRANDPRÉ	Mr W. H. Brown
ARCHBISHOP of SENS	Mr J. E. Gordon
ARCHBISHOP of BOURGES	Mr Bouic Clark
GOVERNOR of HARFLEUR	Mr Stanley Jessup
MONTJOY, French Herald	Mr Edwin Brewster
FRENCH SOLDIER	Mr F. Gaillard
FRENCH MESSENGER	Mr Edwin L. Belden
CHORUS	Miss Florence Kahn
ISABEL, Queen of France	Miss Georgine Brandon
PRINCESS KATHERINE, daughter of CHARLES and ISABEL	Mlle Ida Brassey
ALICE, lady attending PRINCESS KATHERINE . . .	Mlle Susanne Santjé
DAME QUICKLY, a hostess, and PISTOL's wife . .	Miss Estelle Mortimer

Civic and Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, Knights, Nobles, Pages, Ladies
of the Court and other Attendants, Soldiers, Citizens, &c.





London. Engraved for Harrison's Edition of Rapin's

K. HENRY. V.



W. J. G. J. G. J.

From an Ancient Picture now in the Palace at Kensington.

Published as the Act directs Jan. 13. 1705.

A C T O N E

of KING HENRY V

The Prologue

RUMOUR *appears as Chorus* (1)

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port (2) of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
fire, (3)

Crouch for employment.

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history.

¶(1) Chorus is used only four times by Shakespeare: in King Henry V., Rumour; in Romeo and Juliet; in Winter's Tale, Time; and in Timon of Athens, Gower. Though Shakespeare denominates "Rumour as Chorus" in King Henry V., Charles Kean departed from that characterization and introduced "Clio, Muse of History, as Chorus," and other productions have borrowed the idea of "Father Time, as Chorus" from Winter's Tale. (2) That is, department, carriage. From the French *portée*. (3) Holinshed says that Henry V. declared to the people of Rouen "that the goddesse of battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as blood, fire, and famine."

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

The **FIRST** *Scene*

(*A Corridor in the Palace at Westminster*)

¶ *Enter, from Left, the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY (1) and the BISHOP of ELY (2)*

CANTERBURY (*Left Centre*)

My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling (3) and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

ELY (*Right Centre*)

But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

CANTERBURY

It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us. Thus runs the bill.

ELY

This would drink deep.

CANTERBURY

'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY

But what prevention?

CANTERBURY

The king is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY

And a true lover of holy church.

¶(1) Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to that see.
(2) John Fordham, consecrated 1388, died 1426. (3) Scrambling, according to Percy. The time when authority is unrespected, says Knight.

ACT ONE : *The First Scene*

CANTERBURY

The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,(1)
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

ELY

We are blessed in the change.

CANTERBURY

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate :
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study :
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
So that the art and practic(2) part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic (3):
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,

¶(1) There is a theory among historians that Prince Hal assumed his wildness of the Boar's Head days to dissipate the jealousy and regicidal fears of his father, King Henry IV. (2) Practical. (3) Theory.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

ELY

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive (1) in his faculty.

CANTERBURY

It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

ELY

But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

CANTERBURY

He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

¶(1) Increasing. Only use of *crescive* by Shakespeare.

ACT ONE : *The First Scene*

ELY

How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

CANTERBURY

With good acceptance of his majesty ;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

ELY

What was th' impediment that broke this off ?

CANTERBURY

The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience ; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock ?

ELY

It is.

CANTERBURY (*crossing to Right*)

Then we go in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY

I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

(*Exeunt Right.*)



KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

The SECOND *Scene*

(The Throne Room in the Palace at Westminster; various Lords and ecclesiastics in attendance, Right and Left of throne.)

¶ *Enter, from Left, KING HENRY, (1) BEDFORD, (2) GLOSTER, (3) EXETER (4) and WESTMORELAND, preceded by WARWICK bearing the crown of St. Edward, the bearers of the swords of State and Justice, a herald, (5) trumpeters, pages and attendants. THE KING ascends the throne.*

KING HENRY

Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

EXETER

Not here in presence.

KING HENRY

Send for him, good uncle.

WESTMORELAND

(Kneeling before throne.) Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

¶ (1) Henry the V. of that name, and sone of Henry the III., began his reygne over this realme of Englande ye xxi day of the moneth of Marche. * * * This man, before ye deth of his fader, applyed hym unto all vyce and insolvency, and drewe unto hym all ryottours and wylde dysposed persones; but after he was admytted to the rule of the lande, anone and sodaynly he became a newe man, and tourned all that rage and wyldnes into sobernesse and wyse sadnesse, and the vyce into constant vertue.—*Fabyan.* He was Duke of Lancaster and Earl of Chester and Derby.—*Tyler.* (2) John, Duke of Bedford, was the third son of King Henry IV., and his brother, Henry V., left to him the Regency of France. He died in the year 1435. This duke was accounted one of the best generals of the royal race of Plantagenet. (3) Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, was the fourth son of King Henry IV., and on the death of his brother, Henry V., became Regent of England. It is generally supposed he was strangled. His death took place in the year 1446. (4) Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, half brother to King Henry IV., hence uncle of Henry V. He was made Duke of Exeter after the Battle of Agincourt. Lord High Admiral. (5) William Burgess, herald, afterward Garter.

ACT ONE : *The SECOND Scene*

KING HENRY

Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

¶ *Enter, from Right, the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY
and the BISHOP of ELY. They kneel at right before throne.*

CANTERBURY

God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

(CANTERBURY and ELY rise.)

KING HENRY

Sure, we thank you,
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique,⁽¹⁾ that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And heaven forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul ⁽²⁾
With opening titles miscreate, ⁽³⁾ whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn⁽⁴⁾ our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war.
We charge you, in the name of Heaven, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend

¶(1) According to this law no woman was permitted to govern or be a queen in her own right. The title was only allowed to the wife of the monarch: This law was imported from Germany by the warlike Franks.

(2) The meaning of these two lines is given by Dr. Johnson: "Take heed, lest, by nice and subtle sophistry, you burthen your knowing soul, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shown in its native and true colors, would appear to be false." (3) Spurious. (4) Engage.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

Without much 'fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

CANTERBURY

Then hear me, gracious sovereign; and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
“No woman shall succeed in Salique land;”
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze(1)
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land of Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe.(2)

KING HENRY

May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

CANTERBURY

The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the Book of Numbers(3) it is writ,—
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:

¶(1) Explain. (2) Floods, *i.e.*, rivers. The Archbishop's speech in this scene, explaining King Henry's title to the crown of France, is closely copied from Holinshed's chronicle, page 545. (3) See Numbers xxvii. 8.

ACT ONE : *The SECOND Scene*

Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's (1)
tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.(2)

ELY

Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liége
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXETER

Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

WESTMORELAND

They know your grace hath cause, and means and
might:
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

KING HENRY

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
(*Exit Herald and Trumpeters Right.*)
Now we are resolved; and, by Heaven's help

¶(1) Edward III. (2) The allusion is to the battle of Cressy, fought August 25th, 1346.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces; there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery(1)
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a songless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.(2)

¶ *The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and the BISHOP of ELY ascend the throne and sit either side of the KING. The attendants relieve them of their crossiers.*

¶ *Enter, from Right, the ARCHBISHOP of BOURGES, the CONSTABLE of FRANCE and other French Ambassadors, (3) with attendants carrying a treasure chest, covered with a velvet cloth sprinkled with fleur-de-lys. The bearers deposit the chest at the foot of the throne and retire Right.*

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

BOURGES

May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

¶ (1) Kingdom, from *empere*, old French. (2) Perishable epitaph. (3) The charge of this Ambassade was committed unto the Erle of Vendosme to Mayster Bouratier, Archbyshop of Bourgues. * * * And the King, sitting under his cloth of Estate, the said Ambassador had accesse unto him.—*Stow*. Une ambassade composée des Comtes de Vendôme et de Tancarville, de l'archevêque de Bourges, de l'évêque de Lisieux et d'aucuns autres du grand conseil.—*Recordes de St. Denis*, 6, xxxiv.

ACT ONE : *The SECOND Scene*

KING HENRY

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

BOURGES

Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third,
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth, (1)
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard(2) won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

KING HENRY

What treasure, uncle?

¶ EXETER *draws back the cloth disclosing a box of tennis-balls. The discovery creates a sensation among the English nobles.*

EXETER

Tennis-balls, my liege!

KING HENRY

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.

¶ (1) King Henry V. was born August 9, 1388. The campaign against France began in the summer of 1415. Henry was then in his twenty-seventh year. (2) A French dance.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by Heaven's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard :
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces.(1) And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license ; as 't is ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ;(2) and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

¶(1) The spot where a ball must fall in the game of tennis, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point, or chace. (2) Cannon balls were at first made of stone.

ACT ONE : *The SECOND Scene*

So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

*(Exeunt Ambassadors and Attendants escorted
by the English herald.)*

EXETER

This was a merry message.

KING HENRY

We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition.
For we have now no thought in us but France ; (1)
Save those to God, that runs before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings ; for, Heaven before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

(Tableau.)

¶(1) "About the middle of the year 1414, Henry V., influenced by the persuasions of Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, by the dying injunctions of his royal father, not to allow the kingdom to remain long at peace, or more probably by those feelings of ambition, which were no less natural to his age and character, than consonant with the manners of the time in which he lived, resolved to assert that claim to the crown of France which his great grandfather, King Edward the Third, had urged with such confidence and success."—*Nicolas's History of the Battle of Agincourt.*



K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

The THIRD Scene

(Exterior of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, London)

¶ Enter from Right, Nym, and from Left, Bardolph.

BARDOLPH

Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym

Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARDOLPH

What, are Ancient(1) Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym

For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

BARDOLPH

I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym

'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, and that is the rendezvous of it.

BARDOLPH

It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

¶(1) Corruption of Ensign.

ACT ONE : *The* THIRD Scene

NYM

I cannot tell ; things must be as they may ; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time ; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may ; though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

¶ *Enter, from Left, PISTOL and DAME QUICKLY.*

BARDOLPH

Here comes Ancient Pistol, and his wife :—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol ?

PISTOL

Base tike, (1) call'st thou me host ?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term ;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.
(NYM and PISTOL draw.)

QUICKLY

O well-a-day, Lady, (2) if he be not here. Now we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good Lieutenant Bardolph—

BARDOLPH

Good corporal, offer nothing here.
(Steps between them.)

NYM

Pish !

PISTOL

Pish for thee, Iceland dog ! thou prick eared cur of Iceland !

¶ (1) Cur. (2) "Our blessed Lady," *i.e.*, the Virgin Mary.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

QUICKLY

Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour and put up thy sword.

NYM

Wilt thou shog(1) off? I would have you *solus*.
(*Sheathing his sword.*)

PISTOL

Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy (2);
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels.

NYM

I am not Barbason (3), you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. And that's the humour of it.

PISTOL

O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale (4). (PISTOL and NYM draw.)

BARDOLPH

Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. (Draws.)

¶(1) Nym's word for jog.—*Schmidt*. (2) Corruption of "par Dieu."
(3) A demon. The unmeaning humour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers.—*Steevens*.
(4) The commentators are in doubt whether this means "draw your sword" or "die." Either makes sense—if it be necessary to make Pistol speak sense.—*Rolfe*.

ACT ONE : *The* THIRD Scene

PISTOL

An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
(PISTOL *sheathes sword.*)
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

NYM

I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.
(NYM *sheathes sword.*)

¶ *Enter* BOY *from Left.*

BOY

Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming pan. Faith he's very ill.

BARDOLPH

Away, you rogue.

QUICKLY

By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

(*Exeunt* DAME QUICKLY *and* BOY, *Left.*)

BARDOLPH

Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together;—why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

PISTOL

Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on.

NYM

You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

P I S T O L

Base is the slave that pays. (1)

N Y M

That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

P I S T O L

As manhood shall compound: push home.

(*They draw.*)

B A R D O L P H (*draws*)

By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill
him; by this sword, I will.

P I S T O L

Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

(*Pistol sheathes sword.*)

B A R D O L P H

Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends:
an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me
too. Prithee, put up.

N Y M

I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at bet-
ting.

(*Nym sheathes sword.*)

P I S T O L

A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give thee;
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.

Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand. (*Offers hand.*)

N Y M

I shall have my noble?

¶(1) A quotation from an old play, like much of Pistol's nonsense.
—*White.*

ACT ONE : *The* THIRD *Scene*

PISTOL

In cash most justly paid.

NYM

Well, then, that's the humour of it.

(*Takes PISTOL's hand.*)

¶ *Re-enter* DAME QUICKLY *from Left.*

QUICKLY

As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian,⁽¹⁾ that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

(*Exit Left.*)

NYM

The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

PISTOL

Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured⁽²⁾ and corroborate.

NYM

The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours and careers.

PISTOL (*going Left*)

Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live.

(*Exeunt Left.*)

RUMOUR *appears as Chorus.*

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;

¶(1) The dame jumbles together the *quotidian* fever, the paroxysms of which recurred daily, and the *tertian*, in which the period was three days. (2) Broken.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted
men,—

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge;(1) and the second,
Henry, Lord Scroop(2) of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the guilt(3) of France (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings(4) must die
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.

¶(1) Richard de Coningsbury, younger son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard Duke of York, who was father of Edward IV. (2) Third husband of Joan Duchess of York, mother-in-law of Richard Earl of Cambridge. (3) The gold. (4) Complimentary sense, like "Mirror of all Christian Kings" above.

ACT ONE : *The Fourth Scene*

The FOURTH Scene

(The Quay at Southampton.)

¶ EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, WARWICK, WEST-MORELAND, *with other lords and attendants, await the KING. Soldiers cross at rear.*

BEDFORD

'Fore Heaven, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.(1)

EXETER

They shall be apprehended by and by.

WESTMORELAND

How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

BEDFORD

The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.(2)

EXETER

Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,(3)
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious
favours,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

¶(1) His Men shipped, and the King himself ready to go on board: a conspiracy against his life is discovered, forged by Richard Earl of Cambridge, Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, the Lord Treasurer, and Sir Thomas Grey of Northumberland, who, being suborned by the French for a Million of Gold, as upon their apprehension they confessed (though their indictment contains other matter), were all three put to death! which was no sooner performed but that the Wind blowing fair, King Henry weighs Anchor, and with a fleet of 160 ships sets sail on Lady Day, An. 1414.—*Sanford's Genealogical History of the Kings.* (2) The Earl of March, of the house of Clarence, who was to be placed upon the throne by the conspiracy, informed the King. (3) This does not refer to any particular person. Bedfellow was common as a familiar appellation among the nobility in olden time.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

(*Trumpets.*)

¶ Enter the KING, SCROOP, GREY, CAMBRIDGE and attendants from Left.

KING HENRY (*Centre*)

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them ?

SCROOP (*at Right Centre*)

No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

KING HENRY

I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,(1)
Nor leave not one behind that does not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAMBRIDGE (*at Left Centre*)

Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

GREY (*near SCROOP*)

True : those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

¶(1) In friendly concord.

ACT ONE : *The Fourth Scene*

KING HENRY

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

SCROOP

So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

KING HENRY

We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person; we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on our more advice, we pardon him.

SCROOP

That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punished, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

KING HENRY

O, let us yet be merciful.

CAMBRIDGE

So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GREY

Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

KING HENRY

Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults proceeding on distemper,(1)

¶(1) Distempered, old meaning for having too much liquor.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us ?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:

Who are the late commissioners ?

CAMBRIDGE

I one, my lord; (*Kneels.*)
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP

So did you me, my liege. (*Kneels.*)

GREY

And I, my royal sovereign. (*Kneels.*)

KING HENRY (*as he takes rolls of parchment from EXETER and hands to each of the three*)

Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, we know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night,—

¶ *The conspirators hopefully open their commission but, reading, disclose their horror in their faces.*

Why, how now, gentlemen ?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion ?—Look ye, how they change!

ACT ONE : *The Fourth Scene*

Their cheeks are paper.(1)—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance ?

CAMBRIDGE

I do confess my fault ;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY and SCROOP

To which we all appeal.

KING HENRY

The mercy that was quick(2) in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge
here,—

You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use ;
May it be possible, that foreign hire

❧(1) That is, white as paper. (2) Alive.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross⁽¹⁾
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them;
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice⁽²⁾ in hell for excellence.
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd⁽³⁾ thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait⁽⁴⁾ walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiancè! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,

¶(1) Palpable. (2) Verdict, judgment. (3) Moulded, fashioned. (4) An allusion to the Devil going "about like a lion, seeking whom he may devour."

ACT ONE : *The Fourth Scene*

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
And God acquit them of their practices !
(*Turns away.*)

EXETER (*as he touches the shoulder of each with his baton.* GOWER *draws the sword of each.*)

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard
Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry
Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

SCROOP

Our purposes Heaven justly hath discover'd ;
And I repent my fault more than my death ;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAMBRIDGE

For me,—the gold of France did not seduce ;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended.(1)
But heaven be thanked for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you, to pardon me.

¶(1) The confession of the Earl of Cambridge, and his supplication for mercy in his own handwriting, are in the British Museum.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

GREY

Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise :
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

KING HENRY

Heav'n quit you in its mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death,
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;(1)
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,(2)
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death :
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

(Turns up to the sea wall.)

(Exeunt Conspirators Right, guarded.)

(Turning.) Now, lords, for France; the enterprise
whereof

Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since Heaven so graciously hath brought to light

¶(1) This speech is taken from Holinshed:—Revenge herein touching my person, though I seek not; yet for the safeguard of my dear friends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be showed; get ye hence, therefore, you poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein God's majesty give you grace of His mercy, and repentance of your heinous offences." (2) Regard.

ACT ONE : *The FIFTH Scene*

This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

(*Tableau.*)

The FIFTH Scene

(*Exterior of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, London*)

¶ Enter, from Left, NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, DAME QUICKLY and BOY, prepared for departure to the war.

HOSTESS (*to PISTOL, as they enter, following the others*)

Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PISTOL (*Left*)

No; for my manly heart doth yearn (1).—

Bardolph, be blithe : Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

BARDOLPH (*Right*)

Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is,
either in heaven or in hell!

HOSTESS (*Centre*)

Nay, sure, he's in Arthur's(2) bosom, if ever man
went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end, and
went away an it had been any christom(3) child; a'
parted even just between twelve and one, even at

¶(1) Grieve, mourn. (2) Mrs. Quickly is not strong on Scripture.—*Rolfe*. She means Abraham's bosom. (3) A Quicklyism for chrisom, the white vesture put upon the child after baptism.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

the turning o' the tide: (1) for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'Lord, Lord, Lord!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone.

NYM (*Right Centre*)

They say he cried out of sack.

HOSTESS

Ay, that a' did.

BARDOLPH

And of women.

HOSTESS

Nay, that a' did not.

BOY (*Left Centre*)

Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

HOSTESS

A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

BOY

Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

BARDOLPH

Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

¶(1) Alluding to the old notion that nobody dies except at the ebb of the tide.

ACT ONE : *The FIFTH Scene*

NYM

Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

PISTOL

Come, let's away. (*Crosses to Centre.*)—My love, give me thy lips. (*Kisses QUICKLY.*)
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; (1) the word is "Pitch and Pay:"
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto(2) be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.(3)—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY

And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

PISTOL

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARDOLPH

Farewell, hostess. (*Kisses her, then exit Right.*)

NYM (*approaches to kiss QUICKLY.* PISTOL *interferes*)

I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.
(*Exit Right.*)

PISTOL

Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

HOSTESS

Farewell; adieu. (*Exit PISTOL Right, QUICKLY Left.*)

¶(1) Let prudence govern you. (2) Take care. (3) Dry thine eyes.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

BOY (*Centre*)

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers(1). I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed, three such antics(2) do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered(3), and red-faced; by the means whereof, a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head, but his own, and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching.(4): They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. (*Exit BOY Right.*)

The END of *the* FIRST ACT

¶(1) Bullies. (2) Buffoons, fools. (3) Cowardly. (4) Grey suggests that Shakespeare took Nym's name from the old Anglo-Saxon word *nim*, to filch.

A C T T W O
of KING HENRY V

The FIRST Scene

(A Room in the Palace of CHARLES the SIXTH, at Rouen)

¶ KING CHARLES (1) seated at Centre, the DAUPHIN, (2) the CONSTABLE of FRANCE, (3) the DUKES of ORLEANS and BOURBON from Centre to Left, RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ and other lords on Right, with Pages on either side of the KING.

CHARLES

Thus come the English with full power upon us ;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry, and of Bretange,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant.

DAUPHIN

My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :

¶ (1) Charles VI., surnamed the Well-Beloved, was King of France during the most disastrous period of its history. He ascended the throne in 1380, when only thirteen years of age. In 1385 he married Isabella of Bavaria, who was equally remarkable for her beauty and her depravity. The unfortunate king was subject to fits of insanity, which lasted for several months at a time. On the 21st of October, 1422, seven years after the battle of Agincourt, Charles VI. ended his unhappy life at the age of fifty-five, having reigned forty-two years. (2) Lewis, the Dauphin, was the eldest son of Charles VI. He was born 22d January, 1396, and died before his father, December 18, 1415, in his twentieth year. History says: "Shortly after the Battle of Agincourt, either for melancholy that he had for the loss, or by some sudden disease, Lewis, Doyphin of Viennois, heir apparent to the French king, departed this life without issue." (3) The Constable, Charles D'Albret, commanded the French army at the battle of Agincourt, and was slain on the field.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

But let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance (1);
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

CONSTABLE

O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
With what great state he heard our embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, (2) and withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,—
Your grace shall find his vanities fore-spent (3)
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

DAUPHIN

Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In case of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems.

¶ *Enter, from Right, MONTJOY (4), who kneels at the KING'S feet.*

MONTJOY

Ambassadors from Harry, King of England,
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

¶ (1) An ancient dance in which the performers were dressed in grotesque costume, with bells, etc. Morris from morisco or moorish.—*Douce*. (2) Diffident and decent in making objections. (3) Past. Refers to his rakish days when Prince of Wales. (4) Mont-joie is the title of the principal King-at-arms in France, as Garter is in England.

ACT TWO : *The First Scene*

FRENCH KING

We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
(*Exit MONTJOY, Right.*)
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

DAUPHIN

Turn head, and stop pursuit : for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, (1) when what they seem
to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short ; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head :
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting

¶ *Re-enter, from Right, MONTJOY, the ENGLISH HERALD, the DUKE of EXETER and English Lords ; they stand Right of KING.*

FRENCH KING

From our brother of England ?

EXETER

From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of Heaven,
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,
And all the wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long vanish'd days,

¶ (1) Bark.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

Nor from the dust of long oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line (1),
(Gives a paper to MONTJOY who delivers it to the
KING.)

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly (2) deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

FRENCH KING

Or else what follows?

EXETER

Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

FRENCH KING

For us, we will consider of this further;
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

DAUPHIN

For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him. What to him from England?

EXETER

Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt.
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says the king: and, if your father's highness

¶(1) Pedigree. Exeter holds the document in his hand. (2) In a straight line.

ACT TWO : *The* FIRST *Scene*

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock (1) you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance (2).

DAUPHIN

Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will ; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

EXETER

He'll make your Paris Louvre (3) shake for it.

FRENCH KING (*rises*)

To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

EXETER

Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here to question our delay ;
For he is footed (4) in this land already.

FRENCH KING

You shall soon be despatch'd, with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. (*Tableau.*)

RUMOUR *appears as Chorus*

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity

¶(1) That is, the insult conveyed in the present of tennis balls in Act I., Scene 2. (2) Ordinance. The spelling is a concession to the rhythm. (3) According to some writers the ancient palace of the Louvre was built in the seventh century. What is now called the "Old Louvre" was begun in 1528 under Francis I., and completed by Henry II. in 1548. (4) That is, he has set foot, is landed.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; (1) and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, (2) and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage (3) of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur,
The nimble gunner
With linstock (4) now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before them.

¶(1) The place where Henry's army was embarked, at Southampton, is now entirely covered with the sea, and called Westport. (2) Shore. (3) The stern, hence in the wake of this navy. Some read steerage. (4) The staff to which the match is fixed when the ordnance is fired.—*Johnson*.



ACT TWO : *The SECOND Scene*

The SECOND Scene

(*The English Entrenchment before Harfleur.* KING HENRY and his army)

KING HENRY

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage (1) of the head
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty (2) his confounded (3) base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !—On, on, you nobless (4) Eng-
lish,
Whose blood is fet (5) from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war !—And you, good yeo-
men,

¶(1) Comparing the eyes to cannon prying through portholes. (2) Jutting, common term applied to land. (3) Confounded is said to have often the same meaning as destroyed. (4) The original of 1623 gives Noblish English. Some authorities give noblest. (5) Fetched.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt
not ;

For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips (1),
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;

Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,
Cry—" God for Harry ! England ! and Saint
George !" (Tableau.)

The THIRD Scene

(*The DUKE of GLOSTER's Quarters*)

¶ *Enter, alarmedly, Nym, Bardolph, Pistol and Boy.*

BARDOLPH

On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !

NYM

'Pray thee, corporal, stay ; the knocks are too hot ;
and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives : (2)
the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-
song (3) of it.

PISTOL

The plain - song is most just ; for humours do
abound ;

Knocks go and come ; our vassals drop and die ;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

¶ (1) Noose about the neck in which the dogs were held until started for the game. (2) Not merely one life but two or more lives. Figure drawn from a case of pistols or knives. (3) That is, with no variations.

ACT TWO : *The* THIRD Scene

Boy

'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

PISTOL

And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither I would hie.

Boy

As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

(*Exeunt, each trying to push the other before, crying*
"On, on.")

¶ Enter, from Right, GOWER and, from Left, FLUELLEN (1).

GOWER (*Right Centre*)

Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

FLUELLEN (*Left Centre*)

To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines: for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversars (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines; by Saint Tavy, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

GOWER

The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the

¶(1) An approximation to the pronunciation of the frequently used Welsh name, Llewellyn. A soldierly pedant, in favour with Henry, who further on acknowledges his own Welsh blood. In the course of the scene Fluellen, a Welshman, Jamy, a Scotchman, and Macmorris, an Irishman, each speaks with his native inflection and dialect.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

siege is given, (1) is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

FLUELLEN

It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

GOWER

I think it be.

FLUELLEN

By Saint Tavy, he is an ass as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

GOWER (*indicating off Left*)

Here 'a comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

FLUELLEN

Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Saint Tavy, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

¶ *Enter, from Left, MACMORRIS and JAMY.*

JAMY (*Left Centre*)

I say, gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

God-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.

¶(1) The Duke of Gloucester, to who the ordre of the assaulte was comitted, made thre mynes under the ground, and approached the walles with ordinance and engynes and would not suffer them within to reste at any tyme —*Hall's Chronicle.*

ACT TWO: *The* THIRD Scene

GOWER

How now, Captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

MACMORRIS (*Left*)

By Saint Patrick, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication? partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

JAMY

It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit (1) you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

MACMORRIS

It is no time to discourse; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the kings, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and s'death, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: by Saint Patrick, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done.

¶(1) Requite, that is, answer.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

JAMY

By the mess, (1) ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

MACMORRIS

Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish it a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

FLUELLEN

Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MACMORRIS

I do not know you so good a man as myself: s'blood, I will cut off your head.

(MACMORRIS *raises battle-axe.* JAMY and GOWER *interfere.*)

GOWER

Gentlemen, both, you will mistake each other.

(*A parley sounded on the trumpets.*)

¶(1) Mass. A common oath then. Used by King Henry later.

ACT TWO: *The Fourth Scene*

GOWER

The town sounds a parley.

*(Exeunt GOWER and JAMY, Right. FLUELLEN and
MACMORRIS cross to Right.)*

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. *(Exeunt Right.)*

The FOURTH Scene

(The English Entrenchment at Harfleur)

¶ *At Centre KING HENRY and at Left Centre his army; the GOVERNOR of HARFLEUR (1) and attendants stand forward Right Front.*

KING HENRY

How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle (2) we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd (3) soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

¶ (1) Le Sieur de Estoteville. (2) Parley, interview. (3) Who has tasted blood and whose animal passions are aroused.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats (1)
Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation ?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?

We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Har-
fleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of headly murder, spoil and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls ;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes ;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry (2)
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed ?

*(The GOVERNOR confers a moment with his atten-
dants. Then the flag of truce is lowered and the
French kneel before KING HENRY.)*

¶(1) All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities.
—*Johnson.* (2) Judea.

ACT TWO : *The FIFTH Scene*

GOVERNOR

Our expectation hath this day an end :
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy :
Enter our gates : dispose of us and ours ;
For we no longer are defensible.

KING HENRY

Open your gates.

(The GOVERNOR and attendants retire off Right.)

Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain.
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest ;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd (1).

*(The GOVERNOR of HARFLEUR and attendants
return and, kneeling, present the keys of the
city to KING HENRY.) (Tableau.)*

The FIFTH Scene

(A Room in the Palace of CHARLES the SIXTH)

¶ KING CHARLES at Centre, the DAUPHIN, the CONSTABLE, Lords, herald, and attendants Left and Right.

FRENCH KING

'Tis certain he hath passed the River Somme. (2)

¶(1) Prepared. (2) The French King being at Roan, and hearing that the King of England had passed the water of Some, was not a little discontent. * * * And so Mountjoy, King at Armes, was sent to the King of England to defy him as the enemy of France.—*Stowe.*

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

CONSTABLE

And if he be not fought withal (1), my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people. (2)

BOURBON

Mort de ma vie! If they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery (3) and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten (4) isle of Albion.
Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?

FRENCH KING

Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edged.
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field;
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillon, Grandpré, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons (5) painted in the blood of Har-
fleur:

Rush on his host as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon;
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

¶(1) Emphatic form of with. (2) The French, Italians, and Spaniards, even in Shakespeare's day, regarded the English as semi-barbarians. (3) Wet and foul. (4) Uneven shore, shot with nooks. (5) Schmidt thinks the meaning of wings and flags are here combined.—*Rolfe*.

ACT TWO : *The SIXTH Scene*

CONSTABLE

This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famished in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement (1), offer us his ransom.

FRENCH KING

Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPHIN

Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

FRENCH KING

Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

(*Tableau.*)

The SIXTH Scene

(*A view in Picardy*)

¶ Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, from either side, meeting.

GOWER

How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the
bridge? (2)

¶(1) Achievement in the old chivalry probably had some precise significance not handed down to us. The King, in Act III., scene 3, says "Bid them achieve me." The meaning here is plainly that instead of fighting he will offer to pay ransom. (2) The reference here is to an historical fact. After Henry had passed the Somme, the French attempted to break down the only bridge over the Ternoise, at Blangy, and thus cut off his passage to Calais; but Henry, learning their design, sent forward troops who put the French to flight, and guarded the bridge until the English had crossed.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

FLUELLEN

I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge. *(Trumpets.)*

Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge. *(They move Left.)*

¶ *Enter, from Right, KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, other nobles and soldiers, and pages bearing the KING's helmet and shield.*

Got pless your majesty!

KING HENRY *(Centre)*

How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

FLUELLEN *(Left)*

Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you: and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

KING HENRY

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN

The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to pe executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man; his face is all bukles (1), and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lip plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of

¶(1) A corrupt word, formed half of *carbuncle*, half of *bubo*, probably meaning a red pimple.—*Schmidt.*

ACT TWO: *The SIXTH Scene*

fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

KING HENRY

We would have all such offenders so cut off: (1) and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

¶ *Enter, from Right, MONTJOY, with trumpeters. MONTJOY kneels, Right Centre.*

MONTJOY

You know me by my habit (2).

KING HENRY

Well, then, I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

MONTJOY

My master's mind.

KING HENRY

Unfold it.

MONTJOY (*rises*)

Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell

¶(1) It will be seen by the following extract from an anonymous chronicler how minutely Shakespeare has adhered to history: "There was brought to the king in that plain a certain English robber, who, contrary to the laws of God and the Royal proclamation, had stolen from a church a pix of copper gilt, found in his sleeve, which he happened to mistake for gold, in which the Lord's body was kept; and in the next village where he passed the night, by decree of the King he was put to death on the gallows." Titus Livius relates that Henry commanded his army to halt until the sacrilege was expiated. He first caused the pix to be restored to the church, and the offender was then led, bound as a thief, through the army, and afterwards hung upon a tree, that every man might behold him. (2) Herald's coat.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, (1) and our voice is imperial; England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion (2) the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested (3). For our losses his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and, for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance; and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

KING HENRY

What is thy name? I know thy quality (4).

MONTJOY

Montjoy.

KING HENRY

Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment (5); for, to say the sooth, (6)
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me God,

¶(1) In our turn. (2) Be in proportion to. (3) Put up with. (4) Profession. (5) Hindrance, impediment. (6) Truth.

ACT TWO : *The* SIXTH Scene

That I do brag thus!—This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am :
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard ;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, (1)

Montjoy. (Hands purse.)

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour : (2) and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this :
We would not seek a battle, as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it :
So tell your master.

MONTJOY

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

(MONTJOY and trumpeters *Exeunt, Right.*)

GLOSTER (*Left Centre*)

I hope they will not come upon us now.

KING HENRY

We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

(*Exeunt, Left.*)

The END of the SECOND ACT

¶(1) It was customary to reward a herald, no matter what was his message. (2) My desire is, that none of you be so *unadvised*, as to be the occasion that I, in my defence, shall *colour* and make *red your tawny ground* with the effusion of Christian blood. When he (Henry) had thus answered the Herald, he gave him a great reward, and licensed him to depart.—*Holinshed.*

A C T T H R E E

o f K I N G H E N R Y V

RUMOUR *appears as Chorus*

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,
The hum of either army stilly (1) sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.(2)
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,(3)
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,(4)

¶(1) Gently, lowly. (2) The armies were only 250 paces apart, according to Holinshed. (3) The plate armour was not only riveted in parts, before it was put on, but the armourers were employed in closing up parts which fitted to each other by rivets, when the knight was being equipped for the battle or tournament.—*Knight*. (4) This scene and the next are intended by Shakespeare to contrast the difference in the demeanor of the French and the English on the eve of battle. The night was passed in silence and earnest devotion in the English camp, every one contemplated the morrow with an awful solemnity. The resolution to exert themselves to their last breath for their own preservation and honour was universal; but their state of weakness from disease and suffering, and the vast superiority of the enemy, forbad much hope.—*Sharon Turner*. The Frenchmen made greate fires about their banners * * * and all that night made greate chere, and were very mery. The English-

ACT THREE : *The First Scene*

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—"Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him.

The FIRST Scene

(*The DAUPHIN'S Tent near Agincourt*)

¶ *The DAUPHIN reclines on couch, Centre. The CONSTABLE and ORLEANS play at dice at table, Right. BOURBON, RAMBURES(1) and GRANDPRÉ play at dice on drum-head Left. Attendants at back. A sentinel paces before the door on the outside. Pages are serving wine. The DAUPHIN rises and goes up to the door of the tent, Centre.*

CONSTABLE

Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

men that night sounded their trompettes and diverse instruments musicale with greate melody, and yet they were bothe hungery, wery, sore traveled and much vexed with colde deseases: Howbeit they made peace with God, in confessyng their synnes, requiring hym of help, and receivyng the holy sacramente, every man encouragyng and determyng clerely rather to die than either to yelde or fle.—*Hall's Chronicle.*

¶ (1) The Lord of Rambures was commander of the cross-bows of the French army at Agincourt.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

ORLEANS.

You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

CONSTABLE

It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLEANS

Will it never be morning?

DAUPHIN (*returning Centre at Front*)

My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

ORLEANS (*rises*)

You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. (*Sits again.*)

DAUPHIN

What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;(1) le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.(2)

CONSTABLE (*rises*)

I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

ORLEANS

Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

¶(1) That is, as if he were a tennis ball stuffed with hair.—*Rolfe.* (2) They were esteemed to be in nombre sixe times as many, or more than was the whole compaigny of the Englishmen with wagoners, pages, and all.—*Hall's Chronicle.*

ACT THREE : *The First Scene*

CONSTABLE

You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

DAUPHIN

'Tis past midnight, I'll go arm myself.

(Exit DAUPHIN, Right. Others laugh.)

ORLEANS

The Dauphin longs for morning.
He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE

I think he will eat all he kills.

ORLEANS

By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

CONSTABLE

Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

ORLEANS

He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

CONSTABLE

Doing is activity; and he will still be doing. (1)

ORLEANS

He never did harm, that I heard of.

CONSTABLE

Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

ORLEANS

I know him to be valiant.

CONSTABLE

I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

¶(1) White says "doing" has here an amorous sense.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

ORLEANS

What's he?

CONSTABLE

Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

¶ *Enter a MESSENGER at Centre.*

MESSENGER

My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.(1)

CONSTABLE

Who hath measured the ground?

MESSENGER

The Lord Grandpré.

CONSTABLE

A valiant and most expert gentleman.

(*Exit MESSENGER.*)

Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawn, as we do.

ORLEANS

What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained(2) followers so far out of his knowledge!

CONSTABLE

If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

ORLEANS

That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

¶(1) Holinshed says that the distance between the two armies was but 250 paces. (2) Stupid.

ACT THREE : *The First Scene*

RAMBURES

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

ORLEANS

Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CONSTABLE

Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

ORLEANS

Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CONSTABLE

Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

(Bell off strikes two.)

ORLEANS

It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

(Exeunt. Others off sing a night song.)



KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

The SECOND Scene

(The English Lines near Agincourt just before dawn.)

☞ *Chanting is heard in the distance. The monks confess and bless the soldiers. Retiring, they leave the young DUKE of BEDFORD standing over the embers of a smouldering fire. He is joined by his brothers, KING HENRY and the DUKE of GLOSTER.*

KING HENRY (*Centre*)

Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger ;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out ;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry (1) :
That we should dress us(2) fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

☞ *Enter ERPINGHAM (3) from Left*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERPINGHAM (*Left Centre*)

Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

KING HENRY

'Tis good for men to love their present pains.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp ;

☞(1) Thrift. (2) To address, that is, set in order, prepare. (3) Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Brittany, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication.

ACT THREE: *The Second Scene*

Do my good morrow to them ; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

(*He throws ERPINGHAM'S cloak about him.*)

GLOSTER

We shall, my liege.

(*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*)

ERPINGHAM

Shall I attend your grace ?

KING HENRY

No, my good knight ;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

ERPINGHAM

The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry !
(*Exit ERPINGHAM, Right.*)

KING HENRY

God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speakest cheerfully.
(*He goes up.*)

☞ *Enter PISTOL from Left.*

PISTOL

Qui va là ?

KING HENRY (*hooded and cloaked*)

A friend.

PISTOL

Discuss unto me ; art thou an officer ?
Or, art thou base, common and popular (1) ?

KING HENRY

I am a gentleman of a company.

☞(1) Of the people, not noble or of royalty.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

PISTOL

Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

KING HENRY

Even so : what are you ?

PISTOL

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

KING HENRY

Then you are a better(1) than the king.

PISTOL

The king's a bawcock(2) and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp(3) of fame ;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant ;
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heartstrings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

KING HENRY

Harry *Le Roy*.

PISTOL

Le Roy ! a Cornish name ; art thou of Cornish crew ?

KING HENRY

No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL

Knowest thou Fluellen ?

KING HENRY

Yes.

PISTOL

Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. Davy's day. (*Crosses to Right.*)

¶(1) A better man. (2) A term of endearment, says Schmidt, synonymous to chuck, but always masculine. White says "jolly good fellow : *beau cocq*." (3) Youngling, youngster, son.

ACT THREE: *The Second Scene*

KING HENRY

Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

PISTOL

Art thou his friend ?

KING HENRY

And his kinsman too.

PISTOL

The *figo*(1) for thee, then !

KING HENRY

I thank you : God be with you.

PISTOL

My name is Pistol called.

KING HENRY

It sorts(2) well with your fierceness.

(Exit PISTOL, Right.)

(KING HENRY retires into the shadow as FLUELLEN and GOWER enter from Right and Left, meeting.)

GOWER

Captain Fluellen !

FLUELLEN

So ! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.(3) It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp;

¶(1) Fig. (2) Agrees. (3) Shakespeare has here, as usual, followed Holinshed : " Order was taken by commandment from the king, after the army was first set in battle array, that *no noise or clamor should be made in the host.*"

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to pe otherwise.

GOWER

Why, the enemy is loud ; you hear him all night.

FLUELLEN

If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, pe an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb ? in your own conscience (1), now ?

GOWER

I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN

I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

(Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN, Right.)

KING HENRY

Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

(Enter, from Left, BATES and WILLIAMS, stopping before the fire, Left Centre.)

WILLIAMS (*Left Centre*)

Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder ?

BATES (*Left*)

I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILLIAMS

We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there ?

(r) Opinion.

ACT THREE: *The Second Scene*

KING HENRY (*up Centre*)

A friend.

WILLIAMS

Under what captain serve you ?

KING HENRY

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS

A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

KING HENRY

Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES

He hath not told his thought to the king ?

KING HENRY

No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.⁽¹⁾ Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES

He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish him-

(1) The terms mounted, stoop, and wing are borrowed from falconry.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

self in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

KING HENRY

By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

BATES

Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor men's lives saved.

KING HENRY

I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILLIAMS

That's more than we know.

BATES

Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS

But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make. I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection (1).

¶(1) That is, reasonable service.

ACT THREE: *The Second Scene*

KING HENRY

So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained.

WILLIAMS

'Tis certain, every man that dies ill the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer it.

BATES

I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

KING HENRY

I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.
(*Comes forward, Right.*)

WILLIAMS

Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but,

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

KING HENRY

If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WILLIAMS

You pay him then! (*Rises, going Centre.*) That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun(1), that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

KING HENRY

Your reproof is something too round(2): I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

WILLIAMS

Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

(*Approaches, threatening.*)

KING HENRY

I embrace it.

WILLIAMS

How shall I know thee again?

KING HENRY

Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darrest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILLIAMS

Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

KING HENRY

There.

(*They exchange gloves.*)

¶(1) A gun made of elder wood, a pop gun. (2) Rough, unceremonious.

ACT THREE: *The Second Scene*

WILLIAMS

This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

KING HENRY

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS

Thou darest as well be hanged.

KING HENRY

"Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company. *(Crosses to Left.)*

WILLIAMS *(Right)*

Keep thy word: fare thee well.

BATES *(coming between, Right Centre)*

Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow (1), if you could tell how to reckon.

KING HENRY

Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns (2) to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

(Exeunt WILLIAMS and BATES, Right.)

(The KING alone, Left Centre)

KING HENRY

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful (3) wives,

¶(1) Old plural of enough. (2) A common expression for a bald head, but the pun here, Tyrwhitt points out, may turn simply on the double meaning of crown. To cut French crowns is an allusion to the crime of clipping coin. (3) Full of care.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

Our children, and our sins, lay on the king.
We must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing (1)!
What infinite hearts-ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm(2), the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

¶(1) Suffering. (2) The anointing oil used at coronation.

ACT THREE: *The SECOND Scene*

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse; (1)
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage (2) of a king.

☞ *Enter, from Right, ERPINGHAM.*

ERPINGHAM

My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

KING HENRY

Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

ERPINGHAM

I shall do 't, my lord.
(Exit Right.)

KING HENRY

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing (3) the crown!

☞(1) Is up before the sun. (2) Advantage. (3) Obtaining.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, (1) where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. (2) More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

GLOSTER (*off Left*)

My liege!

KING HENRY

My brother Gloster's voice?

¶ *Enter* GLOSTER, *Left*.

Ay;

I know thy errand, I will go with thee:

(*Exit* GLOSTER, *Left*.)

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

(*Tableau*.)

¶(1) One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of St. Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond. —*Malone*. (2) He sent unto ye fryers of Langley, where the corps of kynge Richarde was buried, and caused it to be taken out of ye ert, and so with reverence and solempntie to be conveyed unto Westmynster, and upon the south syde of seynt Edwardes shryne, there honourably to be buried by quene Anne his wife, which there before tyme was entered. And after a solempn terment there holdon, he provyded that iiii tapers shulde breune daye and nyght about his grave, whyle the world endureth: and one day in the weke a solempne dirige, and upon the morrowe a masse of Requiem by note; after which masse endyed, to be gyven wekely unto pore people XI. S. VIII. in pens; and upon ye day of his anniversary, after ye sayd masse of Requiem is songe, to be yerely distrybuted for his soule, XX. li. d.—*Fabyan*.

ACT THREE: *The THIRD Scene*

The THIRD Scene

(The English Position at Agincourt, Morning)

¶ Enter GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, YORK, SALISBURY, ERPINGHAM, WESTMORELAND, a herald, a standard bearer, trumpeters and soldiers.

GLOSTER (*Left*)

Where is the king?

BEDFORD (*Left*)

The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WESTMORELAND (*Centre*)

Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXETER (*Left Centre*)

There's five to one; besides they are all fresh.

ERPINGHAM (*Right*)

'Tis a fearful odds.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloster, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsmen, warriors all, adieu!

BEDFORD

Farewell, good Erpingham; and good luck go with
thee! (*Exit ERPINGHAM, Right.*)

WESTMORELAND

O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day! (1)

¶(1) A certain lord, Walter Hungerford, knight, was regretting in the King's presence that he had not, in addition to the small retinue which he had there, ten thousand of the best English Archers, who would be desirous of being with him; when the King said, Thou speakest foolishly, for, by the God of Heaven, on whose grace I have relied, and in whom

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

¶ Enter KING HENRY through ranks of soldiers, from Right Centre.

KING HENRY (*Centre*)

What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, (1) I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns (2) me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy (3) put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian: (4)

I have a firm hope of victory, I would not, even if I could, increase my number by one; for those whom I have are the people of God, whom he thinks me worthy to have at this time.—*Nicholas's History of Agincourt.*

¶(1) "The King prays like a Christian and swears like a heathen," says Johnson. (2) Grieves. (3) Travelling expenses. (4) The 25th of October, Saint Crispin's day. Crispin and Crispian were brothers, born in Rome; whence they travelled to Soissons, France, about A.D. 303, to propagate the Christian religion. They supported themselves by working at their trade of shoemaking; but the governor of the town, learning that they were Christians, caused them to be beheaded. They subsequently became the tutelar saints of the shoemakers.

ACT THREE: *The Third Scene*

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian:"
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars:
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition; (1)
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

¶ Enter GOWER from Right, kneels Right Centre before the KING.

GOWER

My sovereign lord, bestow (2) yourself with speed;
The French are bravely (3) in their battles set,
And will with all expedience (4) charge on us.

¶ (1) Advance him to the rank of gentleman. (2) Repair to your post.
(3) With great display. (4) Expedition, haste.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

KING HENRY

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

(GOWER *rises.*)

WESTMORELAND (*Left Centre*)

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

KING HENRY

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WESTMORELAND

Heaven's will, my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

KING HENRY

Why, now, thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

¶ *Enter* MONTJOY *and trumpeters from Right.*

MONTJOY

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted (1). Besides, in
mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING HENRY

Who has sent thee now?

¶ (1) Swallowed up.

ACT THREE: *The* THIRD Scene

MONTJOY

The Constable of France.

KING HENRY

I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
Let me speak proudly. Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day: (1)
Our gayness, and our gilt (2), are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly),
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this
(As, if Heaven please, they shall), my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour,
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONTJOY

I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

(Exeunt Right.)

KING HENRY

I fear, thou wilt once more come again for ransom.

¶(1) Soldiers ready for work, not dressed up for holiday. (2) Refers to the gilding on their armour and weapons.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

YORK (*kneels Left Centre*)

My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward (1).

KING HENRY

Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

The FOURTH *Scene*

(*Part of the field of Battle. The din of battle nearby is heard*)

¶ *Enter, from Right, FRENCH SOLDIER, PISTOL and Boy. PISTOL drags the FRENCH SOLDIER by a halter.*

PISTOL (*Left Centre*)

Yield, cur.

FRENCH SOLDIER (*Right Centre, on his knees*)

O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moi!

PISTOL

Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim(2) out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

PISTOL

Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious(3) mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

FRENCH SOLDIER

O pardonnez moi!

¶(1) Vanguard. (2) The caul in which the bowels are wrapped. (3) Lustful.

ACT THREE: *The Fourth Scene*

PISTOL

Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

BOY (*Centre*)

Ecoutez; comment êtes-vous appelé?

FRENCH SOLDIER

Monsieur le Fer.

BOY

He says his name is Master Fer.

PISTOL

Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir(1) him, and ferret(2) him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY

I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and fir.

PISTOL

Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Que dit-il, monsieur?

BOY

Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

PISTOL

Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant.
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

¶(1) Beat, drub. (2) To worry, as a ferret does.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

FRENCH SOLDIER

O je vous supplie, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cent écus.

PISTOL

What are his words ?

BOY

He prays you to save his life ; he is a gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

PISTOL

Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take. (*Sheathes sword.*)

FRENCH SOLDIER

Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

BOY

Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciements ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

PISTOL

Expound unto me, boy.

BOY

He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen

ACT THREE : *The FIFTH Scene*

into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

(*Goes Right.*)

PISTOL

As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—

Follow me.

(*Exit PISTOL, Left.*)

Boy

Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.

(*Exit FRENCH SOLDIER, Left.*)

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, (1) that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys.

(*Exit Left.*)

The FIFTH Scene

(*Tableau—The Battle of Agincourt*) (2)

¶(1) In the old "moralities" or comedies, the Vice or buffoon had a sword or dagger of lath with which he used to beat the devil, and sometimes attempted to pare his long nails. (2) The king is reported to have dismounted before the battle commenced, and to have fought on foot. King Henry was habited in his "cote d'armes," containing the arms of France and England quarterly, and wore on his bacinet a very rich crown of gold and jewels, circled like an imperial crown, that is, arched over. The earliest instance of an arched crown worn by an English monarch.—*Planché*. Holinshed states that the English army consisted of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse and 40,000 infantry—in all, 100,000. Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9,000, and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7,000. The battle lasted only three hours. The noble Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother, pushing himself too vigorously on his horse into the conflict, was grievously wounded, and cast down to the earth by the blows of the

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

The SIXTH Scene

(A Part of the Field of Battle)

¶ *Enter, from Right, DAUPHIN, CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, and others in confusion.*

CONSTABLE (*Right Centre*)

O diable!

ORLEANS (*Right Centre*)

O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

DAUPHIN

Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. — O méchante fortune!—

Do not run away. (*A short alarum without.*)

CONSTABLE (*Left Centre*)

Why, all our ranks are broke.

French, for whose protection the King being interested, he bravely leapt against his enemies in defence of his brother, defended him with his own body, and plucked and guarded him from the raging malice of the enemy's, sustaining perils of war scarcely possible to be borne.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.* Thus this bataille continued iii long houres, some strake, some defeded, some foyned, some traversed, some kylled, some toke prisoners, no man was idle, every man fought either in hope of victory or to save him selfe. The Kyng that day shewed him selfe like a valiaunt knight, whiche notwithstanding that he was almost felled with the Duke of Alaunson, yet with plain strength he slew ii of the Duke's company, and felled the Duke; but when the Duke would have yielded to him, the Kyng's garde, contrary to the Kyng's minde, outrageously slewe him.—*Hall's Chronicle.* During the battle the Duke of Alençon most valiantly broke through the English lines, and advanced fighting near the King—inasmuch that he wounded and struck down the Duke of York. King Henry seeing this stepped forth to his aid, and as he was leaning down to aid him the Duke of Alençon gave him a blow on his helmet that struck off part of his crown. The King's guards on this surrounded him, when seeing he could no way escape death but by surrendering, he lifted up his arms and said to the king, "I am the Duke of Alençon, and yield myself to you." But as the King was holding out his hands to receive his pledge he was put to death by the guards.—*Monstrelet.*

ACT THREE : *The SEVENTH Scene*

DAUPHIN

O perdurable(1) shame !—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?

ORLEANS

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

DAUPHIN

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame !
Let's die in honour : Once more back again.

CONSTABLE

Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

ORLEANS

We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

CONSTABLE

The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;
Let life be short ; else shame will be too long.

(Exeunt Right, rushing again to the fight.)

The SEVENTH Scene

(The Plains of Agincourt, after the Victory)

¶ *Enter, from Right, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, WARWICK, and others, with a part of the English forces.*

KING HENRY (*Centre*)

Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen :
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

¶ (1) Lasting.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

¶ Enter EXETER *from Left.*

EXETER

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

KING HENRY

Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXETER

In which array (brave soldier!) doth he lie,
Larding⁽¹⁾ the plain: and by his bloody side
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing⁽²⁾ wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York all haggled⁽³⁾ over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud,—“Tarry, dear Cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!”
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught⁽⁴⁾ me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, says, “Dear, my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.”
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ended love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd
But I had not so much of man in me,

¶(1) Enriching. (2) Honorable. (3) Cut, mangled. (4) Reached, from Old English.

ACT THREE: *The SEVENTH Scene*

And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

KING HENRY (*turns to EXETER and grasps his hand*)

I blame you not ;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

But, hark ! what new alarm is this same ?—

The French have reinforced their scattered men :

Give the word through.

(*Exeunt Right, all but FLUELLEN and GOWER,
who come forward.*)

FLUELLEN

Kill the poys and the luggage ! 't is expressly
against the law of arms : 't is as arrant a piece of
knavery, mark you now, as can pe offert ; in your
conscience, now, is it not ?

GOWER

O, 't is a gallant king !

FLUELLEN

Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower.
What call you the town's name where Alexander
the Pig was porn ?

GOWER

Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN

Why, I pray you, is not pig, great ? The pig or
the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the mag-
nanimous, are all one reckonings save the phrase is
a little variations.

GOWER

I think Alexander the Great was born in Mace-
don ; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I
take it.

(*Exeunt, talking.*)

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

¶ *Enter, from Right, KING HENRY and forces, WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others, attended.*

KING HENRY

I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void⁽¹⁾ the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr⁽²⁾ away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

(Exit English Herald, Right, 2.)

EXETER

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

¶ *Enter MONTJOY, Right, 1; he kneels before the KING.*

GLOSTER

His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

KING HENRY

How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou
not
That I have fin'd⁽³⁾ these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY

No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look⁽⁴⁾ our dead, and then to bury them.

¶ (1) Avoid, withdraw. (2) Move rapidly. (3) Defined as the sum for ransom. (4) Look for.

ACT THREE: *The SEVENTH Scene*

KING HENRY

I tell thee, truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

MONTJOY

The day is yours. (*Rises.*)

KING HENRY

Praised be Heaven, and not our strength, for it.—
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

MONTJOY

They call it Agincourt.

KING HENRY

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLUELLEN

Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the
plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chron-
icles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING HENRY

They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is
remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service
in a garden where leeks did grow, (1) wearing leeks
in their Monmouth caps (2); which your majesty

¶(1) King Arthur won a great victory over the Saxons "in a garden where leeks did grow," and Saint David ordered that every one of the king's soldiers should wear a leek in his cap in honour thereof. Hence the Welsh custom of wearing the emblem on Saint David's day, March 1st. (2) A kind of woollen cap made at Monmouth and much worn by soldiers.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do pelieve, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

KING HENRY

I wear it for a memorable honour :
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLUELLEN

All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty, too !

KING HENRY

Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN

By Saint Tavy, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all the 'orld : I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Heaven, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

KING HENRY

God keep me so !—Our heralds go with him ;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

(*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and others.*)

EXETER

Soldier, you must come to the king.

(*WILLIAMS advances.*)

KING HENRY

Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap ?

WILLIAMS

An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

ACT THREE: *The SEVENTH Scene*

KING HENRY

An Englishman?

WILLIAMS

An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive), I will strike it out soundly.

KING HENRY

What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

FLUELLEN

He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

KING HENRY

It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree. (1)

FLUELLEN

Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.

KING HENRY

Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

WILLIAMS

So I will, my liege, as I live.

KING HENRY

Who servest thou under?

¶(1) A person of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

WILLIAMS

Under Captain Gower, my liege.

FLUELLEN

Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literated in the wars.

KING HENRY

Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS

I will, my liege. (*Exit WILLIAMS, Right.*)

KING HENRY

Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. (*Gives glove to FLUELLEN who receives it on his knee.*) When Alençon and myself were down together,(1) I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, as thou dost me love.

FLUELLEN (*rises*)

Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Heaven of its grace that I might see it.

KING HENRY

Knowest thou Gower?

FLUELLEN

He is my dear friend, an please you.

¶(1) This alludes to an historical fact. Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered himself and slew two of the Duke's attendants.

ACT THREE: *The SEVENTH Scene*

KING HENRY

Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLUELLEN

I will fetch him. *(Exit FLUELLEN, Right.)*

HENRY

My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;—

It is the soldier's: I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word),

Some sudden mischief may arise of it.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

(Exeunt WARWICK and GLOSTER, Right.)

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. *(Exeunt Left.)*

¶ *Enter, from Right, GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

WILLIAMS

I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

¶ *Enter FLUELLEN, following them from Right.*

FLUELLEN (*Centre*)

Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech
you now, come apace to the king: there is more
goot toward you peradventure than is in your knowl-
edge to dream of.

*(WILLIAMS notices the glove in FLUELLEN's helmet.
He starts with surprise. He takes the glove from his
own helmet and holds it to FLUELLEN.)*

WILLIAMS (*Right*)

Sir, know you this glove?

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

FLUELLEN

Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

WILLIAMS

I know this, and thus I challenge it. (*Strikes him.*)

FLUELLEN

'Sblood!(1) an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

GOWER

How now, sir! you villain!

(*Draws and comes between them, Centre.*)

WILLIAMS

Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLUELLEN

Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WILLIAMS

I am no traitor.

FLUELLEN

That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

¶ *Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER from Right.*

WARWICK

How now, how now! what's the matter?

FLUELLEN

My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be Got for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

¶(1) A common oath, an abbreviation for God's blood.

ACT THREE: *The SEVENTH Scene*

¶ *Enter, from Left, KING HENRY and EXETER, other lords and attendants.*

KING HENRY (*Centre*)

How now! what's the matter?

FLUELLEN (*Left*)

My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

WILLIAMS (*Right*)

My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLUELLEN

Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood), what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me in testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

KING HENRY

Give me thy glove, soldier! Look, here's the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms (1).

FLUELLEN

And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

¶(1) Words.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

KING HENRY

How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

WILLIAMS (*kneeling*)

All offences, my liege, come from the heart : never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

KING HENRY

It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILLIAMS

Your majesty came not like yourself ; you appeared to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

KING HENRY

Here, Uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns. And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow ; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns :—And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLUELLEN

By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly :—(*Crosses, Right, to WILLIAMS and offers coin.*) Hold, there is twelve pence for you.

WILLIAMS

I will none of your money. (*Retires up Right.*)

FLUELLEN (*following*)

It is with a goot will.

ACT THREE: *The SEVENTH Scene*

¶ Enter ENGLISH HERALD from Right. He kneels before the KING.

KING HENRY (*Left Centre*)

Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

HERALD

Here is the number of slaughter'd French.
(*Delivers a paper.*)

KING HENRY

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXETER

Charles, Duke of Orleans,⁽¹⁾ nephew to the king;
John, Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.⁽²⁾

KING HENRY

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,

¶(1) Charles, Duke of Orleans, was wounded and taken prisoner at Agincourt. Henry refused all ransom for him, and he remained in captivity twenty-three years. (2) Among the most illustrious persons slain were the Dukes of Brabant, Barré, and Alençon, five counts, and a still greater proportion of distinguished knights; and the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Vendôme, who was taken by Sir John Cornwall, the Marshal Bouciqualt, and numerous other individuals of distinction, whose names are minutely recorded by Monstrelet, were made prisoners. The loss of the English army has been variously estimated. The discrepancies respecting the number slain on the part of the victors, form a striking contrast to the accuracy of the account of the loss of their enemies. The English writers vary in their statements from seventeen to one hundred, whilst the French chroniclers assert that from three hundred to sixteen hundred individuals fell on that occasion. St. Remy and Monstrelet assert that sixteen hundred were slain.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.*

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

Five hundred were but yesterday, dubb'd knights : (1)
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !—
Where is the number of our English dead ?

(*Herald shows him another paper, then rises and
retires Right Centre.*)

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire (2) :
None else of name (3) ; and of all other men
But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was here ;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all !—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other ?—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine !

EXETER

'Tis wonderful !

KING HENRY

Do we all holy rites ;
Let there be sung *Non Nobis* and *Te Deum* ;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay ;
And then to Calais ; and to England then ;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.
(*All kneel. Song of Thanksgiving.*)

The END *of the* THIRD ACT

¶(1) In ancient times the distribution of this honour appears to have been customary on the eve of battle. (2) This gentleman, being sent by Henry, before the battle, to find out the strength of the enemy, made this report : " May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He saved the king's life in the field.—*Malone*. (3) Of eminence.

A C T F O U R

o f K I N G H E N R Y V

An HISTORICAL Episode (1)

¶ *The Return of Henry V. to London, after the Battle of Agincourt.*



THE scene represents London Bridge at the Surrey end. Gaily decorated booths are banked against the fronts of the houses; banners, flags, and garlands float in the air; a holiday throng crowds the ways, the booths and the windows; the chimes of St. Paul are heard above the babel of the crowd. Peddlers of ballads, gilded ginger-bread and other holiday knick-knacks do a thriving business. A Merry Andrew amuses with athletic antics. Two small boys get into a fight and anxious mothers separate them.

The blare of trumpets attracts attention to the coming of NICHOLAS WOTTON, Lord Mayor of London, attended by the Civic Sword-bearer, the Sergeant at Mace, and Aldermen. The Lord Mayor bears the key of the city. They pass along the bridge to meet the KING on the Surrey side and present the freedom of the city. Presently soldiers of the Civic Guard return and crowd the people

¶(1) Extracts of King Henry's reception into London from an anonymous Chronicler, who was an eye-witness of the events he describes:

"And when the wished-for Saturday dawned, the citizens went forth to meet the King. * * * viz., the Mayor and Aldermen in scarlet, and the rest of the inferior citizens in red suits, with party-coloured hoods, red and white. * * * When they had come to the Tower at the approach to the bridge, as it were at the entrance to the authorities to the city. * * * Banners of the Royal Arms adorned the Tower, elevated on its turrets; and trumpets, clarions, and horns, sounded in various melody; and in front there was this elegant and suitable inscription upon the wall, 'Civitas Regis justicie'—('The City to the King's Righteousness.') * * * And behind the tower were innumerable boys, representing angels, arrayed in white, and with countenances shin-

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

back against the houses to make way for the procession and the festivities. The Lord Mayor and party return from their errand of courtesy and occupy a booth to review the troops.

A flourish of trumpets announces the head of the column. Company after company of bowmen, archers, pikemen, miners and sappers, and other soldiers enter and pass through the crowds. Their ranks are broken and their files depleted by the fatalities of their victory. At the head of each group marches a knight, with a page bearing his shield and a standard-bearer with his colours. The crowd cheers its favourites, soldiers recognize familiar faces in the crowds. A mother kisses her returning son as he marches past. A young wife rushes to the embrace of her wounded husband and marches away with him. Another girl scans the faces of the passing troopers, but seems not to find the one she seeks. She rushes out to an officer. He shakes his head and whispers to her. She faints and is borne back into the crowd, her little tragedy unnoticed in the festivity.

ing with gold, and glittering wings, and virgin locks set with precious
sprigs of laurel, who, at the King's approach sang, with melodious
voices, and with organs, an English anthem.

* * * * *

"A company of prophets, of venerable hoariness, dressed in golden
coats and mantels, with their heads covered and wrapped in gold and
crimson, sang with sweet harmony, bowing to the ground, a psalm of
thanksgiving.

* * * * *

"And they sent forth upon him round leaves of silver mixed with
wafers, equally thin and round. And there proceeded out to meet the
King a chorus of most beautiful virgin girls, elegantly attired in white,
singing with timbrel and dance, as it were an angelic multitude, decked
with celestial gracefulness, white apparel, shining feathers, virgin locks,
studded with gems and other resplendent and most elegant array, who
sent forth upon the head of the King passing beneath minæ of gold, with
bows of laurel; round about angels shone with celestial gracefulness,
chanting sweetly, and with all sorts of music.

"And besides the pressure in the standing places, and of men crowd-
ing through the streets, and the multitude of both sexes along the way
from the bridge, from one end to the other, that scarcely the horsemen
could ride through them. A greater assembly, or a nobler spectacle, was
not recollected to have been ever before in London."

ACT FOUR : HISTORICAL EPISODE

Following the troops come other knights and attendants. They line the way on both sides. Another flourish of trumpets and forth from the bridge come a troop of maidens in flowing white, who wave palm branches as they trip through their figures. Singing in their train come a choir of scarlet-vested cathedral boys, six English prophets and six English kings. They precede the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and the BISHOP of ELY and the nobles of the royal court. A huzzah spreads through the multitude, the chimes ring out again, the trumpets blare, drums roll, banners wave in a riot of colour, and victorious KING HARRY, on his gaily-caparisoned white charger, rides into the midst of his welcome.

RUMOUR *appears as Chorus.*

Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in (1) the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler (2) fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,

¶(1) Encompasses. (2) A whiffler is an officer who walks first in processions, or before persons of high stations, on occasions of ceremony.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort (1),
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.

The E N D *of the* F O U R T H A C T

¶(1) Style.



A C T F I V E
of K I N G H E N R Y V

The FIRST Scene

(Interior of the French King's Palace at Troyes)

¶ *The PRINCESS KATHERINE at her embroidery, attended by the LADY ALICE.*

KATHERINE (*Left Centre*)

Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

ALICE (*Centre*)

Un peu, madame.

KATHERINE

Je te prie, m'enseignez ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais ?

ALICE

La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

KATHERINE

De hand. Et les doigts ?

ALICE

Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ! mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres : oui, de fingres.

KATHERINE

La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vite ment. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

ALICE

Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

KATHERINE

De nails. Ecoutez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien :
de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

ALICE

C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglais.

KATHERINE

Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.

ALICE

De arm, madame.

KATHERINE

Et le coude ?

ALICE

De elbow.

KATHERINE

De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les
mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

ALICE

Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

KATHERINE

Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fin-
gres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

ALICE

De elbow, madame.

KATHERINE

O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow.
Comment appelez-vous le col ?

ALICE

De neck, madame.

ACT FIVE : *The First Scene*

KATHERINE

De nick. Et le menton ?

ALICE

De chin.

KATHERINE

De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

ALICE

Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

KATHERINE

Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

ALICE

N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

KATHERINE

Non, je reciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

ALICE

De nails, madame.

KATHERINE

De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

ALICE

Sauf votre honneur, de elbow. (*They retire up.*)

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

¶ *Enter, on left side, the FRENCH KING and QUEEN, with their Court, and on the Right the KING of ENGLAND, with knights and attendants.*

KING HENRY (*Right Centre*)

Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!(1)
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy(2);—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

FRENCH KING (*Left Centre*)

Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

QUEEN ISABEL (*Left*)

You English princes all, I do salute you.

BURGUNDY (*Centre*)

My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have
labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring you most imperial majesties

¶(1) Shortly after his arrival he waited on the King and Queen of France, and the Lady Catharine their daughter, when great honour and attentions were by them mutually paid to each other.—*Monstrelet*. (2) John, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Fearless, succeeded to the Dukedom in 1403. He caused the Duke of Orleans to be assassinated in the streets of Paris, and was himself murdered August 28th, 1419, on the bridge of Montreau, at an interview with the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII. John was succeeded by his only son, who bore the title of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

ACT FIVE : *The First Scene*

Unto this bar(1) and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted(2); let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub(3), or what impediment, there is,
Why that naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?

KING HENRY

If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands :
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd(4) briefly, in your hands.

BURGUNDY

The king hath heard them ; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

KING HENRY

Well, then, the peace
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

FRENCH KING

I have but with a cursorary(5) eye
O'er-glanced the articles : pleaseth(6) your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed

(1) Place of congress. (2) Met in a friendly way. (3) Hindrance.
(4) Written down. (5) Cursory. (6) May it please.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept(1) and peremptory answer.

K I N G H E N R Y

Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster;
Warwick, and Huntington, go with the king:
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable(2) for our dignity,
Anything in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q U E E N I S A B E L

Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K I N G H E N R Y

Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q U E E N I S A B E L

She hath good leave.

*(Exeunt all excepting KING HENRY, the PRINCESS, and
ALICE, who stand Left Centre, up near window-seat.)*

K I N G H E N R Y (*Centre*)

Fair Katherine, and most fair!

(KATHERINE and LADY ALICE curtsy low)

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

¶(1) Declare our acceptance. (2) Profitable.

ACT FIVE : *The First Scene*

KATHERINE (*Left Centre*)

Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

KING HENRY

O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KATHERINE

Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

KING HENRY

An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

KATHERINE

Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ?

ALICE (*Left*)

Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

KING HENRY

I said so, dear Katherine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATHERINE

O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

(*She comes forward to her chair, Left Centre*)

KING HENRY

What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

ALICE (*up at Left Centre curtseys low*)

Oui, dat the tongues of de mans is be full of de-
ceits : dat is de princess.

KING HENRY

The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding : I am glad thou canst speak no better English ; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you.' Give me your answer ; i' faith, do : and so clap hands and a bargain : how say you, lady ?

KATHERINE

Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

KING HENRY

Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet (1) for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : If

¶(1) Box.

ACT FIVE : *The First Scene*

thou canst love me for this, take me : if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true : but—for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ;(1) for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall(2) ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me ; and take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love ? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATHERINE

Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France ?

KING HENRY

No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

KATHERINE

I cannot tell vat is dat.

¶(1) That is like a plain piece of metal, that has not yet received any impression. (2) Grow thin.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

KING HENRY

No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis⁽¹⁾ be my speed!)—donc votre est France, et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATHERINE

Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

KING HENRY

No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

KATHERINE

I cannot tell.

KING HENRY

Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, la

¶(1) Patron saint of France.

ACT FIVE : *The First Scene*

plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très-chère et divine déesse ?

KATHERINE

Your majesté, ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

KING HENRY

Now, fie upon my false French ! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate. Now, beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars ; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear : and therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say—"Harry of England, I am thine : " which word thou shall no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken. Wilt thou have me ?

KATHERINE

Dat is as it shall please de roi mon père.

KING HENRY

Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

K I N G H E N R Y *t h e* F I F T H

KATHERINE

Den it shall also content me.

KING HENRY

Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen. *(Kneels to kiss the PRINCESS' hand.)*

KATHERINE *(timidly drawing away, Left)*

Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez; ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteure; excuzez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

KING HENRY

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHERINE

Les dames, et demoiselles, pour être baissées devant leur nocés, il n'est pas le coutûme de France.

KING HENRY

Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE *(who has crossed to Right Centre front)*

Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—*(curtseys)* I cannot tell what is baiser, en English.

KING HENRY

To kiss.

ALICE *(curtseys)*

Your majesty entendre bettere que moi.

KING HENRY

It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ACT FIVE : *The SECOND Scene*

ALICE

Oui, vraitment.

(*Curtseys.*)

KING HENRY

O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list (1) of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults (2); as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. (*Kissing her.*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs (*about to kiss her again*). Here comes your father.

The SECOND Scene

(*Troyes, from the Bridge*)

¶ Enter CAPTAIN GOWER and FLUELLEN from Left.
FLUELLEN wears a leek in his cap.

GOWER (*Left*)

Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past. (3)

FLUELLEN (*Right*)

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, (4) beggarly, lousy, pragg-ing knave, Pistol,—he is come to me, and prings me

¶(1) Boundary. (2) Fault-finders. (3) St. David's Day is March 1. The leek is the national Welsh emblem. (4) Scurvy, with diseased scalp.

K I N G H E N R Y *the* F I F T H

pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek ; it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

¶ *Enter* PISTOL *from Right*

GOWER

Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLUELLEN

'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—(*Going toward* PISTOL.) Got pless you, ancient Pistol ! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you !

PISTOL

Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's (1) fatal web ?
Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLUELLEN (*takes leek from his cap and shakes it under*
PISTOL'S nose)

I pesech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek ; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL

Not for Cadwallader (2) and all his goats.

FLUELLEN

There is one goat for you.

(*Strikes him to his knees.*)

¶(1) The Parcæ were the Fates. The meaning of the line is "Dost thou wish me to put thee to death ?" (2) Last of the Welsh Kings.

ACT FIVE : *The Second Scene*

Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?
(*Forces leek into PISTOL's mouth.*)

PISTOL (*Centre*)

Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLUELLEN (*Right Centre*)

You say, very true, scald knave, when Heaven's will is ; I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for it. (*Striking him again.*) You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make to-day a squire of low degree. (*Strikes.*) I pray you, fall to, if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOWER (*Left Centre*)

Enough, captain ; you have astonished (1) him.

FLUELLEN

I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days : Bite, I pray you ; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

PISTOL

Must I bite ?

FLUELLEN

Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt and out of questions, too, and ambiguities. (*Strikes.*)

PISTOL

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. (*Foreseeing another blow from FLUELLEN's cudgel.*) I eat—and yet I swear.

FLUELLEN

Eat, I pray you : will you have some more sauce

¶(1) Dr Johnson claims this is the pugilistic sense of the word astonish, that is, stunned.

KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

to your leek? (*Strikes*) there is not enough leek to swear by.

PISTOL

Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

FLUELLEN

Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to seek leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em; that is all. (*Going, Left.*)

PISTOL

Good.

FLUELLEN

Ay, leeks is goot:—(*Returns.*) Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate. (*Offers coin.*)

PISTOL

Me a groat!

FLUELLEN

Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

PISTOL

I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

FLUELLEN

If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels. (*Shakes cudgel under PISTOL's nose.*) Heaven be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

(*Strikes again. Exit with GOWER, Left.*)

PISTOL (*draws sword with a growl and a flourish, mightily bold*)

All hell shall stir for this.

(*He struts boldly off, but, perceiving FLUELLEN, lowers his sword and runs in the opposite direction.*)

ACT FIVE : *The THIRD Scene*

The THIRD Scene

(Interior of the Cathedral at Troyes. Ceremony of the Espousal of KING HENRY and the PRINCESS KATHERINE. (1))

Right and left outside the chancel screen stand French and English nobles. Enter the surpliced choir of boys and men, singing. They march into the chancel and dispose themselves either side of the altar. Following the choir, crucifers and thurifers, come three Archbishops in full canonicals. The ecclesiastics ascend the steps of the high altar. The FRENCH KING leads in the PRINCESS KATHERINE in her bridal robes, the train borne by six pages of Valois in pure white. The DUKE of BURGUNDY escorts QUEEN ISABEL, followed by LADY ALICE, the French Court and attendants. They dispose themselves without the chancel on the left. KING HENRY, preceded by eight pages of Lancaster, enters from the opposite side. The English nobles in full armour follow him, and dispose themselves outside the chancel on the right. KING HENRY advances to the foot of the altar and genuflects to receive the prelates' blessing. He returns and leads the PRINCESS KATHERINE to the foot of the altar. They and all kneel while the ARCHBISHOP of SENS blesses them. The choir breaks forth into a joyous Gloria.

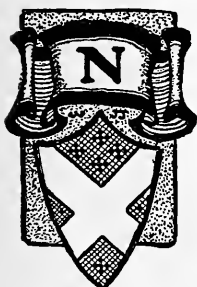
(Curtain.)

The END of the FIFTH ACT

¶(1) On the morrow of Trinity-day the King of England espoused her in the parish church near to where he was lodged. Great pomp and magnificence were displayed by him and his prince, as if he were at that moment King of all the world.—*Monstrelet.*

NOTES *on the* HERALDRY
of KING HENRY V

By ALFRED J. RODWAYE, F.R.H.S.



O thoroughness in mounting Henry V. could be approximated without a detailed attention to the heraldry. It is a war play of mediæval England, when nobles entered the peaceful lists of the tournament or the martial lists of war in full heraldic equipment. Individual devices and bearings early became so popular and consequently so intricate that a college of heraldry was instituted, which has since been the arbiter as well as the repository of the science. This was composed of three kings, six heralds, and four poursuivants. It was indeed under King Henry V. that the heralds first acted in their collegiate capacity, and heraldry was recognised as an exact science.

No official heraldic data exist of that period of English history prior to the reign of Henry V. The well-known Rolls of Battle and Caerlaverock, invaluable as they are, contain many apocryphal blazons, and therefore monuments, seals, ancient missals, etc., have been resorted to in order to obtain the correct armorials of the notables rep-

HERALDRY of KING HENRY the FIFTH

resented in the play. In the Middle Ages heraldry entered into all branches of art, civil, military, and ecclesiastic, and was indeed practically essential. The Baron had his surcoat, shield, and banner emblazoned with his ancestral Arms. His servitors (considered unworthy to bear Arms) were appalled in the livery-colours and wore their Lord's crest embroidered upon their sleeves.

In those days, when few of the laity could read and write, heraldry was the only means of identification and recognition, and we read of King Henry V. sending his Herald (William Bruges, afterwards first Garter King at Arms) with his assistants over the battle-field of Agincourt to examine the shields and report the names and quality of the dead. To read the blazons of the dead warriors would be as an open book to those versed in the science.

It must not be supposed that the designs or charges have no meaning. Each blazon presented in the play has some reference to the past history of the family it represents. The armorials of Beauchamp of Warwick, De Vere of Oxford, Neville, Roos, Talbot, Cornwall, Robsart, et al., are each in themselves unwritten records. They refer to some deed of valour or piety of long ago, now only known to the initiated. Although most of the families have perished off the earth, their sculptured shields still bear silent testimony in out-of-the-way places, ruined castles, abbeys, etc.

THE ENGLISH ROYAL BADGES used in the play are the White Swan of the De Bohuns, the Gorged Antelope, the Root of Bedford, the Foxtail, and the single Ostrich Feather (progenitor of the Prince of Wales' plume). Each has its historical significance and was worn suspended from a collar of repeated SS. of fine metal or embroidery. The Order of the Garter was represented at this period by the simple pale-blue garter with the legend "Honi soit qui mal y pense," worn around the left

HERALDRY of KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

leg and embroidered upon the robe. The collar, star, and pendant were added at a later date.

THE ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND used by Henry V. were emblazoned France (modern) and England quarterly. This arrangement was continued until the death of Elizabeth, when the accession of James I. necessitated the introduction of the Scottish Lion to the Regal Armory. The shield shown suspended over King Henry V.'s tomb at Westminster Abbey has long since been proven entirely French-Navarrese in character, and, as it is known the trophies were removed to the Tower during Cromwellian times it is highly probable that in the confusion the wrong ones were replaced.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND underwent a complete transition during this reign. The beautiful "Harry Crown" depicted upon the tomb of Henry IV. at Canterbury was broken up and pledged to provide funds for the French campaign, and King Henry V., upon his return from France and on the advice of his guest, the Emperor Sigismund, adopted an imperial or arched crown surmounted by the ball and cross. This was effected by merely arching the circlet of crosses, patées, and fleurs-de-lys worn by the King around his steel bascinet. In the centre of the circlet was the famous Black Ruby of Edward the Black Prince,—still the most prized gem in Britain's diadem.

THE FLAGS AND BANNERS of various shapes and sizes form a most interesting and decorative feature in this revival of King Henry V. The Pennon was a swallow-tailed pendant from a lance charged with armorial devices. The Banner, and its diminutive, the Banneret, was square in form, charged only with the coat-armour of the bearer. The Standard was of large dimensions, charged with the owner's arms, badges, and livery colours. In addition to the regal and noble banners, the English, during this campaign, always carried their

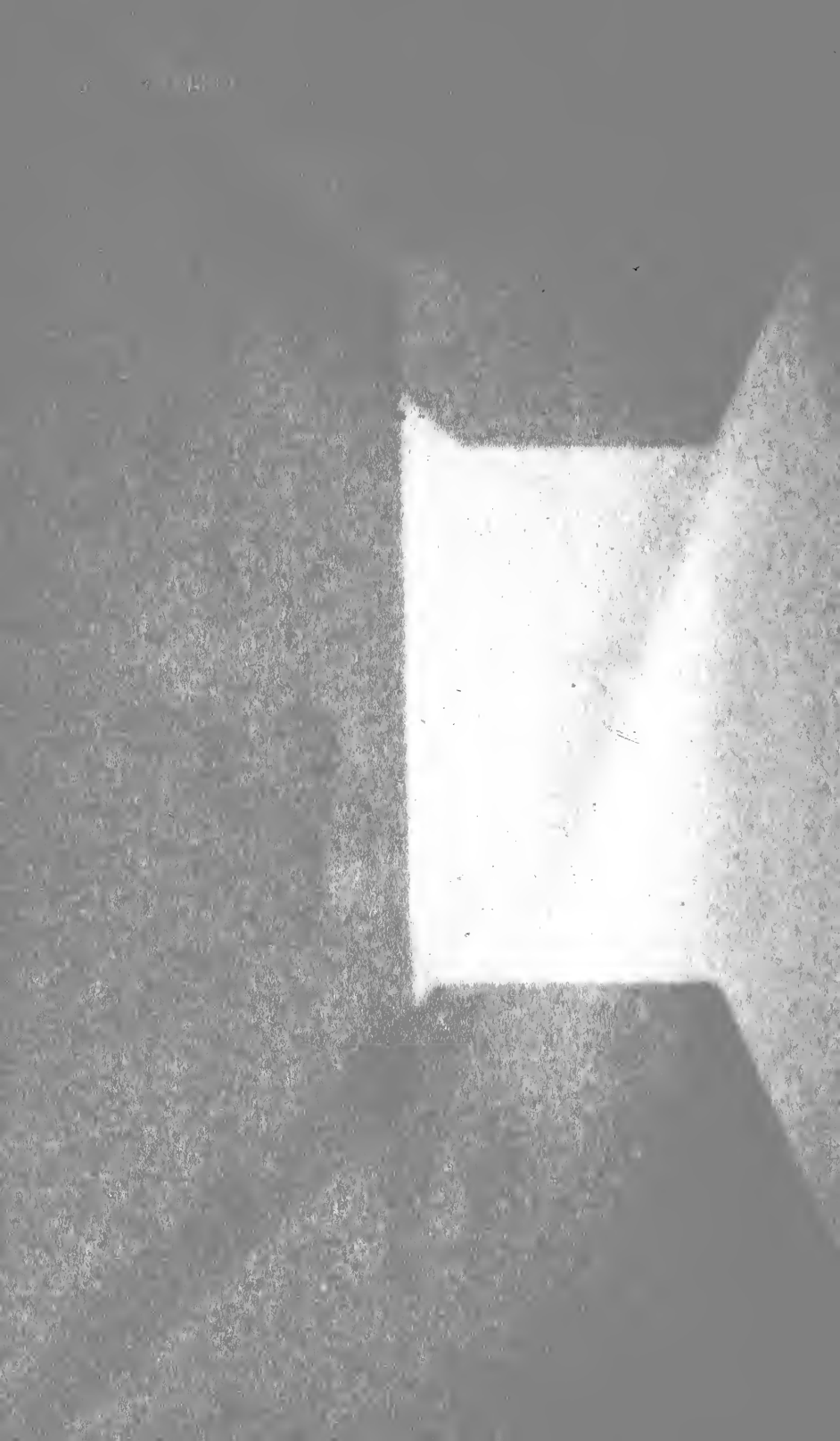
HERALDRY of KING HENRY *the* FIFTH

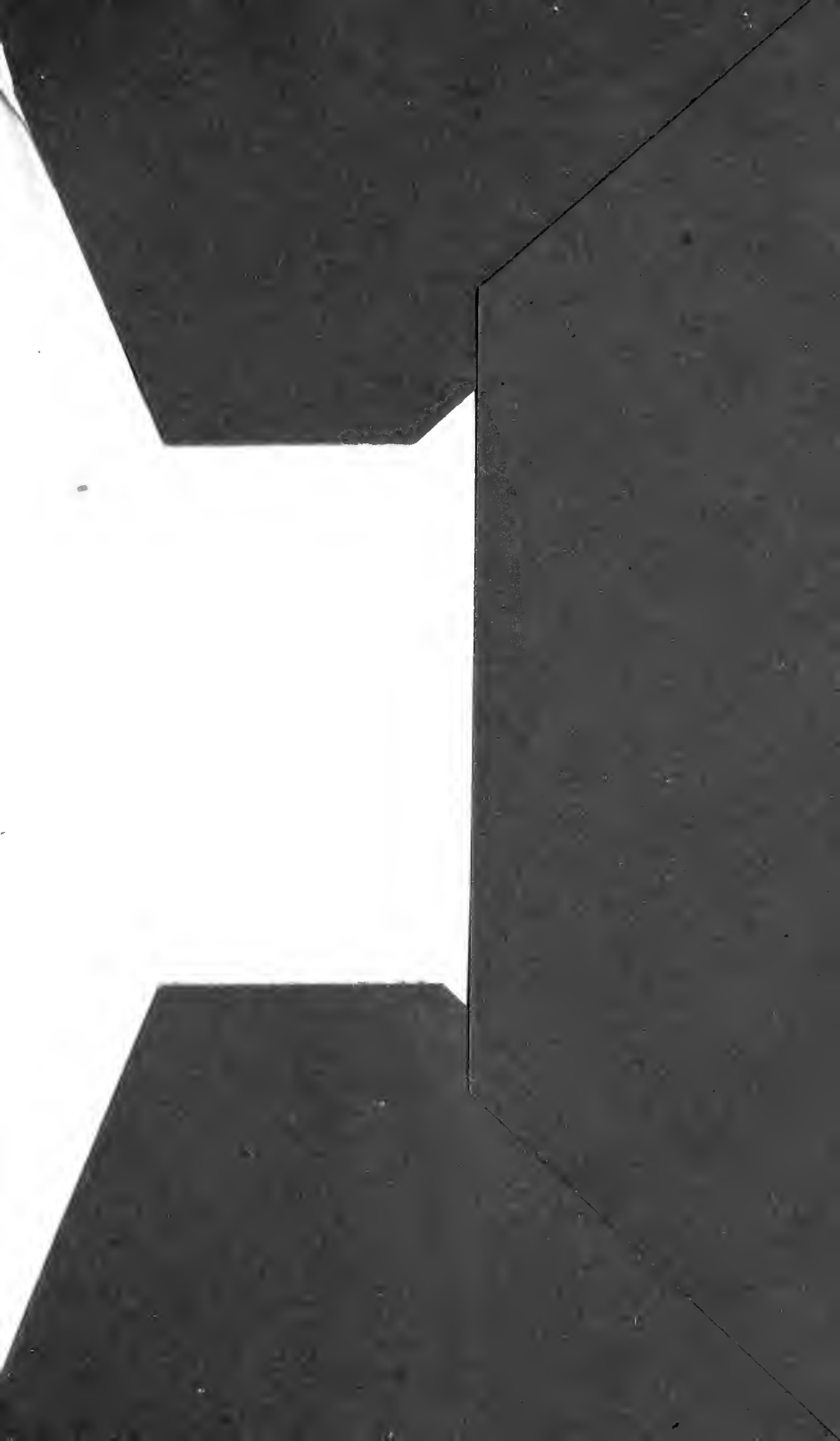
sacred colours, the banners of the Trinity, St. George, St. Edmund, and St. Edward.

THE HERALDRY OF FRANCE, owing to the continual change of dynasty and recreation of titles, and considering that every vestige of royalty and aristocracy was swept away during the Revolution, has been most difficult to obtain. France modern, viz., "three golden fleurs-de-lys upon a blue field," was the arms of Charles VI., and was borne with various differences by all the Princes of the blood,—Burgundy, Orleans, Bourbon, Alençon, et al. The Dauphin, or Heir Apparent, quartered the arms of France with those of his own appanage, as Dauphin of Vienne, a blue dolphin on a gold shield. Former productions of this play have assigned the Order of St. Esprit to the French, and the well-known Golden Fleece to the Burgundians. As a matter of fact, they were not instituted until some years after the date of the play. The Orders used in Mr. Mansfield's production are those of the *Corse de Genest* or broom-plant, founded by St. Louis in 1234, and the Order of the Cockle Shell and St. Michael. The regalia (crown, sceptres, etc.) are copied from the seals of the period and other sources in the Louvre. In addition to the other banners of the French Noblesse, that famous piece of red taffeta, known as the *Oriflamme*, or sacred standard of France (long religiously kept at St. Denis and supposed to be of miraculous origin), is depicted in the play. It was unfurled only in times of great national peril, and after many vicissitudes the historic relic made its last appearance upon the battle-field of Agincourt.



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